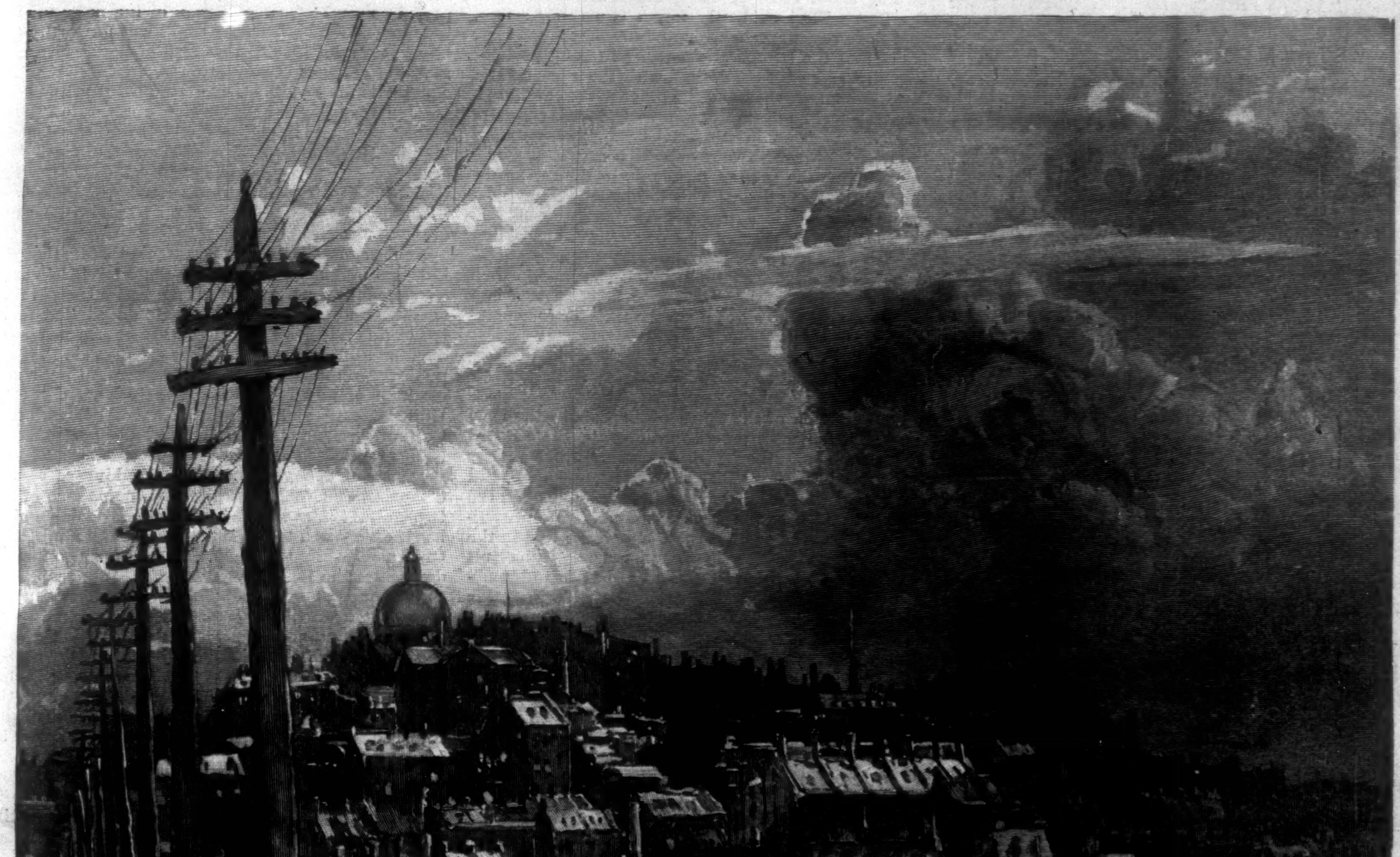
HARPER'S WEEKLY
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

Vol. XXXVI.—No. 1829.
Copyright, 1892, by Harper & Brothers.
All Rights Reserved.
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1892.

TEN CENTS A COPY.
FOUR DOLLARS A YEAR.



A VIEW OF BEACON HILL FROM WEST BOSTON BRIDGE.—Drawn by Henry Sandham.

"BRIGHTER, BIGGER, AND BETTER THAN BEFORE."

HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE.

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY FOR BOYS AND GIRLS.

24 Pages.

COLUMBUS NUMBER.

THE first number in the year 1892 is devoted to the Discoverer, whose four-hundredth anniversary it is. The number contains the story of Christopher Columbus, told in brief by THOMAS A. JANVIER; "The First Christmas in America," by KIRK MUNROE; the ninth instalment of the Columbus serial, "Diego Pinzon," by J. R. CORYELL; the second instalment of "The Fate of Belfield," by MARY SELDEN MCCOBB, and articles and poems by CHARLES CARLETON COFFIN, MARGARET E. SANGSTER, JULIA C. R. DORR, and others.

Portraits of COLUMBUS and AMERIGO VESPUCCI, printed on paper suitable for framing, will be sent *free* to all who are subscribers or regular purchasers of HARPER'S YOUNG PEOPLE on February 16, 1892.

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE, $2 00 PER YEAR.

PUBLISHED BY HARPER & BROTHERS, N. Y.

HARPER'S WEEKLY,

(TWENTY-FOUR PAGES.)

PUBLISHED

NEW YORK, JANUARY 9, 1892.

TERMS: 10 CENTS A COPY.—$4 00 A YEAR, IN ADVANCE.

Subscriptions may begin with any Number.

KILLARNEY AND CORK.

EX-SPEAKER CARLISLE is reported to have said that he thought it would be a grievous mistake for the Democratic party to make the silver question a party question at this time, and especially to put a free-silver plank in the Democratic platform for the campaign of 1892. If Mr. CARLISLE be correctly reported, his remark illustrates the truth that under our party system a party has become something very different from an agency of like-minded men to secure a common public purpose. Properly speaking, and in a just view of popular government, a party is not a body of citizens who organize themselves to try to agree upon public questions as they arise; it is a body of citizens who organize as a party because they do agree. The Republican party is the latest great organization of the kind in this country. But it was not an association of citizens who thought it expedient for the interests of the association to oppose the extension of slavery. It was an association organized to oppose such extension in the interests of the country. If the Democratic party doubts whether to put a free-silver plank into its platform, it is because as a party it has no convictions upon the subject. If it should adopt such a plank, therefore, upon any sound theory of party those who do not hold such views would cease to be Democrats.

The situation is the same with the Republican party. It was organized to prevent the extension of slavery. It has not only secured that object, but in prosecution of its purpose it has abolished slavery. That was the great purpose and achievement of the Republican party. The organization which now bears its name is not that party. The present organization exists chiefly to maintain a high tariff. Consequently there is no real connection between the old party of that name and the new. A man is not necessarily in favor of taxing the raw materials of industry because he was opposed to the extension of slavery, as he is not necessarily in favor of free silver coinage because he would limit the functions of government. Mr. CARLISLE'S remark implies that the Democratic party is an association of citizens who have agreed to act together upon every public question that may arise. No theory could be more inconsistent with the proper function of party, or more fatal to the American doctrine that with perfectly free discussion the majority will act wisely. The American doctrine requires those who believe free coinage, or tariff reform, or protection, or whatever other policy, to be essential or desirable for the public welfare, to say so, and argue the question, and try to secure a majority to agree with them. But Mr. CARLISLE'S remark, and, in another way, such remarks as that of Mr. DANA, in Boston, that he is a tariff reformer, although not a Democrat, but that unless the Republican party changes its position before the election he shall probably vote the Democratic ticket, and the remark of Mr. DABNEY that he is not a Democrat, but if BLAINE should be nominated he would probably vote for CLEVELAND, all show, as we have said, that parties have ceased to represent accurately the actual differences of opinion upon public questions, and that political independence is greatly increasing.

There are, of course, Democrats who do not agree with Mr. CARLISLE and Mr. MILLS that free silver coinage is desirable, and who would break with their party should it declare definitely for what they would regard as a fatal derangement of the currency. But Democrats like Mr. CARLISLE and Mr. MILLS, who advocate both tariff reform and free silver coinage, wish their party to press the first question and to be dumb upon the last, because they think that talking about the last would injure the chances of the first. They evidently forget two things: first, that their very apprehension and urgency show their belief that the Democratic party is in great part for free silver; and second, that, with the exception of Mr. CLEVELAND, they and the other party chiefs who advocate tariff reform are known to be advocates of free silver. They invite for their party the support of tariff-reformers who are opposed to free silver, hoping that for the sake of tariff reform they will take the risk of free silver. This is not true party government. This is a proposal that a party should seek success by proclaiming one object, concealing the fact that its success would greatly benefit another object equally of vital importance, but upon which the party disagrees. What good politics need is a union of men who agree upon the three or four paramount public questions.

THE NEW YORK ELECTION CASES.

THE decision of the Court of Appeals in the New York election cases practically gave the State Board of Canvassers authority to determine the Dutchess County, or Fifteenth District, contest, and the board gave the seat to the Democratic candidate. In the Sixteenth District the Republican candidate is certified; in the Twenty-fifth, the Democratic; and in the Twenty-seventh no certificate was issued. The result is that there are sixteen Democrats and fifteen Republicans in the Senate, and the Senate itself will decide the contest in the Twenty-seventh District, and presumably for the Democrat. The opinion of the court is also an interpretation of the law, and the peculiarity of the interpretation is the emphasis laid upon the letter of the law. There is no doubt of the will of the majority in two of the districts, but that will was not made effective because it was illegally expressed, and in constitutional governments the legal form is vital. Indeed, it is only by law that liberty is secured. This is probably the end of the contest, and it is ended, as it should be, by the decision of the highest court.

The result is twofold. It secures to the Democratic party the complete administration of the State government, and to the Democratic party with Tammany Hall as its most powerful organized influence. Tammany Hall is a partisan body based upon political corruption, and, in the words of an eminent Democrat, is a conspiracy for public plunder. It is not many years since its delegates were not admitted to the State Convention of its party. But at the last Convention its influence was paramount. It turned out of the Convention the anti-Tammany delegates, and the action of the Convention was accepted by a united party, and was ratified by its vote in the State, and by a very large majority. Its chief ally and executive, Governor HILL, immediately entered upon a contest to secure the doubtful Senate, which, after vehement denunciation by many who were his coworkers in the campaign, has resulted triumphantly. Meanwhile Tammany Hall has shown its power in the combination for the election of Speaker in Washington, and has absorbed the anti-Tammany Democratic organization in New York. The further general result is a widespread alarm among those who have strengthened its hand lest the real object of their action, the nomination of Mr. CLEVELAND, should have been made extremely doubtful, and a cry is raised for imposing demonstrations in his favor. There is, however, a mingled tone of alarm and despair in the cry, for the way to deal with an enemy of honest politics like Tammany Hall is always, in the best practicable way that offers, to weaken, not to strengthen, its power.

The Democratic party in New York, controlled by Governor HILL and Tammany Hall, now assumes the entire responsibility of administration, with the practical consent of the whole party, as shown by the campaign and the election, in which tariff reform was but a nominal interest. There is now an unembarrassed opportunity for Mr. CROKER to show his partiality for ballot reform and other measures of honest legislation; and Senator HILL and his allies, as the unchallenged leaders of the party, can proceed unchecked to arrange a delegation to the National Convention which shall represent the united party in this State as shown by the late campaign and election, and which will be instructed to vote in the Convention as a unit. It is interesting but not surprising to observe that Senator HILL has hired a house in Albany for the winter. No good general establishes his headquarters at an inconvenient distance from his army.

CHILI AND WAR.

THE duty of the press is not to instigate, but, so far as possible, to prevent war. But there has been a plain disposition in certain quarters in this country to stimulate war with Chili, although the great body of the American people know no reason whatever why there should be such war, and there is no feeling or demand for hostilities. It is unfortunate that the talk seems to be coincident with the completion of new ships of war, and with the approach of a Presidential election. It is undeniable that the reported conduct of some officers of the navy toward the close of the civil war in Chili was unworthy the honorable traditions of that arm of the service, and that the conduct of our Minister in Chili requires explanation. But there can be no fully informed opinion upon the whole Chilian question until the correspondence is published which the President in his annual message said would soon be laid before Congress. It was not to be expected until after the recess, but if it does not appear soon after the reassembling of Congress, a demand for it will be undoubtedly made.

At Christmas Secretary TRACY said that he thought it desirable to deny the rumors that vessels had been chartered for the transport of supplies. He said that they were absolutely untrue. He added that there is not a single vessel of the United States under orders for Chilian waters. "In a word," said the Secretary, "you may say authoritatively that not a single step of any description is being taken by the United States looking toward a conflict with the Chilian government. No warlike demonstration is being prepared, and there is no present intention on the part of the government of making any such demonstration." Meanwhile the *Boston*, one of the two United States vessels in the harbor of Valparaiso, has been ordered to San Francisco. The Minister of Chili at Washington, Señor MONTT, says also that he deprecates the tendency of American newspapers to talk of war in advance of the slightest reason for supposing a warlike attitude to exist.

This is the tone of sensible men, and it is the feeling undoubtedly of the intelligent people of the country. In the great excitement following the close of a civil war, in which the Minister of the United States was evidently not in sympathy with the successful party, and was popularly believed by his representations to our government to have given moral support to BALMACEDA, a party of sailors from a United States ship were assaulted by the mob in the streets of Valparaiso, and two of them were killed. This was an extremely grave offence, and, as would be the course in this country, the offenders are on trial in the Chilian courts. Should the judgment of the courts be plainly unjust, or should the Chilian government refuse reparation, or show a manifestly hostile spirit to this country, our government should at once make everything known, and proceed as becomes a great but pacific power. But there is no reason to apprehend such a situation. Chili has no interest in going to war with the United States, and her commercial relations with England would not require such folly, and to suppose that the administration would wish to go to war to rally national support to the administration is to suppose that the administration is driven to desperation, of which there is no evidence.

THE LATE RAILROAD SLAUGHTER.

THE press and the coroner's jury hold the management of the Hudson River Railroad morally responsible for the late shocking slaughter at Hastings. It was a tragedy which shows how misplaced was the public confidence that on a great trunk line from New York every possible care of human life was taken, and every modern device and resource provided, not only for comfort, but first and mainly for safety. It is stated that a train leaves the Grand Central station every few minutes. There was no doubt in the public mind that there was such perfect telegraphic connection between the station and every proper point upon the road that every train knew when it left whether at any point there was obstruction of any kind, and that any interruption of the usual course, such as the omission to send a train, was instantly made known all along the line. Above all, it was assumed as of course that upon such a line the possibility of collision, the chief source of awful catastrophes, was prevented so far at least as the adoption, at any cost, of the best means of prevention known could secure that result.

It was all a huge misapprehension. It turns out that the block system of signalling, which is considered a certain guarantee of security from such catastrophes, which has been in operation for more than twenty years on the Pennsylvania road, and which might have been assumed as of course adopted upon the New York Central, is in use upon the Hudson River road but for a very short distance, and the only protection offered by the road from a most probable disaster is the chance of a lantern swung by a brakeman sent to the rear. The general superintendent of the road was reported as saying that "the accident will probably hasten the extension of the system as far as Albany." But the accident will certainly not extend public confidence in the management of the Central and Hudson roads. As for the brakeman whose negligence seems to have been the immediate occasion of the tragedy, he counted upon a local train which usually precedes the through train, and which always stops at the station where he had stopped, but which was taken off that evening, apparently without apprising those who ought to have known. The brakeman was guilty of not doing precisely what he was ordered to do. But the management is apparently guilty of not announcing along the road, what proved to be a vital fact, that the order of running trains was interrupted.

The blame evidently cannot be laid upon the brakeman alone. The fault appears to lie primarily in the imperfect care of the road. So far as appears, the train which dashed into the other left the Grand Central station without warning that there was obstruction on the track. It is startling that such an accident could occur upon such a railroad. Only a day or two before, an announcement had been made of the extreme prosperity of the road during the year. Its prosperity, if not its sense of public duty, might have provided the block-signal system, and every kind of security that experience has supplied. The Spuyten Duyvil calamity of some years ago showed the futility of a brakeman with a lantern to protect a train. No train upon that road hereafter will come to an unexpected stop without dire apprehension among the passengers—an apprehension due to their knowledge of the fact that the sensitive care for human life which should be the paramount object of the management of the road did not lead it to adopt the best-known system of security against such collisions as that at Hastings until it was forced upon it by a terrible catastrophe.

THE DICKEY.

Elsewhere in this paper there is some account of the initiatory practices of a college society familiarly known as the Dickey, to which a recent letter of Mr. William Lloyd Garrison has called general attention. Our account is interesting as showing how college "men," intent upon the cultivation of manly ideals, and holding themselves to represent "the best families," prosecute their noble task. As is well known, there are no boys in college. There are only "men," of a maturity which transcends all other maturity. Nobody was ever so wise as Thurlow looked. Nobody was ever so old as an undergraduate. Life has no surprises for the college "man." Experience is exhausted at twenty, and there is no finer spectacle than the long-suffering benignity with which this excellent "man" tolerates his grandmother.

Of course it is not in nature for any merely human being to bear continuously the strain of such overpowering maturity, and the college "man" is subject to reactions such as are described in our article, and which in print these excellent "men" must read with various emotion. It is an interesting sense of humor, and worthy of study, which delights in such performances among youths of eighteen and twenty, or to which they seem funny. But it is a curious oversight which leads even a college "man" to suppose that manly spirit submits to personal indignities or inflicts them upon others under the name of fun. But the drollest part of the delusion is the supposition that allowing the coal of a lighted cigar to be pressed upon your arm until it goes out, or to burn a companion in that way, is a test of manly courage, because it is only a proof of cowardice.

When the "men" are older they will know that it is merely the fear of being called a sneak, or a coward, or a Miss Nancy, that they mistake for manliness. President Eliot, whose sense of humor must seem to every Dickey of the manly scars extremely defective, says that the practice is a relic of savagery, and Mr. Garrison evidently suspects that a colony of outcast Feejees is domiciled in the classic groves of Cambridge. If it were the habit of the Harvard authorities to interfere with such voluntary performances they would probably remand the "men" concerned to the nursery until the return of the overwhelming natural maturity of the college "man" should warrant the resumption of other studies than those of the generous and manly curriculum of the Dickey.

THE SENATORIAL CONTEST IN OHIO.

There has been no recent election for Senator which has excited so profound an interest as that in Ohio, where the choice lies between John Sherman and ex-Governor Foraker. It is not alone a personal interest, great as that is, but it is also a political interest in a high sense. Mr. Sherman is one of the ablest public men that Ohio has produced, and there is no living American statesman of longer experience or of higher public service, although he is a strong partisan, and his methods in politics have not been always worthy of his ability and his position. Mr. Foraker, whatever claims to be preferred to Mr. Sherman may be known in Ohio, beyond that State and to the country is known politically merely as a violent stump-speaker and an unscrupulous politician. As a public man in the true sense, or as especially fitted, like Mr. Sherman, for the great place of Senator, Mr. Foraker is not known at all beyond his State.

A correspondent in Ohio writes us that Mr. Sherman cannot afford to be elected, because the majority of the Legislature is known to be in favor of Mr. Foraker, and consequently the election of Mr. Sherman would be known to be due to bribery, a stigma from which he could not recover. Our correspondent alleges two instances within his personal knowledge of the most corrupt overtures in the form of patronage and of political advantage which have been urgently made to secure votes for Mr. Sherman, and he asserts that contributions have been made even in New York, so that "limitless wealth" supports Mr. Sherman's candidacy. He also asserts that Mr. Foraker's candidacy is free from sinister motives and mercenary methods, and is founded upon the confidence and warm regard of the Republican party for the late Governor. He does not allege Mr. Sherman's personal complicity in these transactions, but states that they are too well known not to stain his election, and that the hideous scandals of the Payne election and the memory of the Brice election are not more injurious to those gentlemen than Mr. Sherman's would be to him.

On the other hand, so far as we have observed, it is not to be supposed that the political career of Mr. Foraker, or his political morality, or that of his supporters, is such as to make it improbable that "fighting fire with fire" would be practised on his behalf; and the statement attributed to Mr. Griffin, a representative in the Legislature from Lucas County, that an offer to bribe him had been made by "an original Foraker man," who has been "purchased by the Sherman people," will be regarded generally as highly probable. It is a sorry thing to say, but the previous elections to which our correspondent alludes, and the reputation of Ohio politics, justify the remark that whatever the result of the pending Senatorial election may be, it will not be doubted that money, or patronage, or the promise of patronage, all of which are only other forms of money, has been freely used on both sides. It will be regarded as another signal illustration of the corruption which has become the monstrous evil and peril of our politics.

LOWELL'S LATEST WORK.

The Harpers announce a most interesting attraction for the Magazine during the new year, the six papers on the old English dramatists which were written by Mr. Lowell after his return from Europe, the last rich and ripened literary study from his hands. His earliest and fondest literary study was the old poetry of England. His first prose work was *Conversations upon the Old Dramatists*, and his last work was a recurrence to the same theme. It is very charming, and contains the judgments of a critic who has died and left no peer, and is touched by that humor which is full of wisdom, and with the personal tone which is delightful. They are emphatically, as Professor Norton says, "pieces of good literature."

ON A LATE STARTLING EVENT.

The late lamented Jeames Yellowplush in his happiest moments never surpassed a touch which we find in a recent description of a funeral in New York. Among those present was a gentleman who is not in any sense a public man, nor a seeker of newspaper notoriety. He is a very rich man, however, and this fact evidently filled the observant Jeames's buzzum with awe and reverence.

"The young man," says Jeames, with bated breath, "whose wealth is computed at over fifty millions, stood . . . . an attentive, devout, and sad participant in the obsequies," his "pale face, fringed just beneath the ears with tufts of black whiskers, wore a melancholy expression. He was attired in a neat-fitting suit of black, black gloves and tie. He stood when the congregation rose, knelt when it knelt, and sat when it sat. Throughout the long service he remained with set, saddened face, and most of the time with bowed head. Never once did he glance around to see who was there, and not once did he exchange words with his pew companion."

Jeames was overcome. A gentleman behaved like a gentleman, and yet, strange to say, he is computed to be worth fifty millions of dollars! Evidently the awe-stricken Jeames supposes that a man so rich might be naturally expected to wear a red coat and yellow breeches at a funeral, to rise when the congregation sat down, to sit down when it rose, and to dance a jig when it knelt. That a rich man should condescend to be a gentleman evidently amazes Jeames, and with trembling fingers he records the wondrous fact, which is then placed within the possession of every friend of humanity for the insignificant sum of two cents. These are the things that inspire respect and admiration for a free and independent press.

FORWARD, GENTLEMEN!

In a letter of the 4th of December, addressed to the heads of the executive departments, the President directed that a plan be at once devised and put in operation for keeping an efficiency record of all persons within the classified service, in order to place promotions wholly upon the basis of merit. This, he said, was done to carry into effect the stipulations of the civil service law in regard to promotions. The compulsory examinations have been abolished, and the examinations for promotion, the President thinks, should refer chiefly, if not wholly, to knowledge of the work to be done, while the record will testify to the points which practice only, and not examination, can determine.

Better late than never. Such an order is admirable and welcome, but had it been issued at an earlier period it would not have been open to the suspicion which always attaches to such action at the close of an administration. The same attention paid to the reform plank of the platform at the beginning of the administration that was paid to other planks would have spared the President much severe animadversion. The scheme directed by him to be put in force has been already adopted of their own motion by the Secretary of the Navy and the Postmaster-General, and the Secretary of the Treasury has issued orders in consonance with the President's direction.

The Treasury rules are said to have been drawn by Mr. Deland, a faithful friend of reform, and provide that those who stand highest on the merit roll of their office will be entitled to compete for promotion, and will be placed, if successful, in due order upon the eligible list, which will be kept by the chief examiner, and upon the occurrence of a vacancy the name standing first upon the list will be selected for appointment. This is a simple and effective plan, and a very satisfactory application of the principle of competition which eliminates favoritism. We trust, however, that the scheme of promotion in the departments, like that of selection for the classified service, will be committed to the charge of the Civil Service Commission. There is no need of a separate scheme for each department, and uniformity and efficiency can be secured most certainly by a single supervision, fully competent and experienced. Moreover, the improved system of promotion in the classified service should not depend upon the will of the head of the department any more than that of appointment. Secretary Tracy's reform was radical and complete. But it is still only his pleasure, not law. We make such suggestions in no unfriendly spirit, but, on the contrary, with the conviction that every friend of reform will most heartily applaud all of these excellent measures.

PERSONAL.

The poet Riley, in his younger days, had established a local reputation as a very clever amateur actor. He is remembered particularly by some Indianians for his impersonation of old Solomon in the play of *Solomon Probity*, in which he scored a remarkable success. The play was produced in Greenfield, Indiana, about fifteen years ago, and was the event of the season there. To render his make-up effective, and to catch the tricks of manner of an old man, Riley picked out the most aged resident of the town, and for a week followed him about, carefully watching his movements and studying his mannerisms. The poet also constructed the stage fireplace used in the drama, and made it realistic by painting red coals on a pane of glass, and setting candles behind it.

—Jules Verne writes his extraordinary stories in a study perched at the top of the tower of his Amiens house. The room is crowded with charts, electrical apparatus, and the various scientific instruments with which the author surrounds himself when he is elaborating the imaginary adventures of his heroes, for even in his most daring flights of fancy he keeps as near as he can to the line of scientific possibility. Verne is most abstemious for an author, and a French author at that, drinking cider in preference to wine, and shunning tobacco. He is a very painstaking composer, and rewrites his manuscript several times before sending it to the printer. He says that his boyish liking for Baron Münchhausen's marvellous tales started him to explore the field of authorship in which he has been so successful.

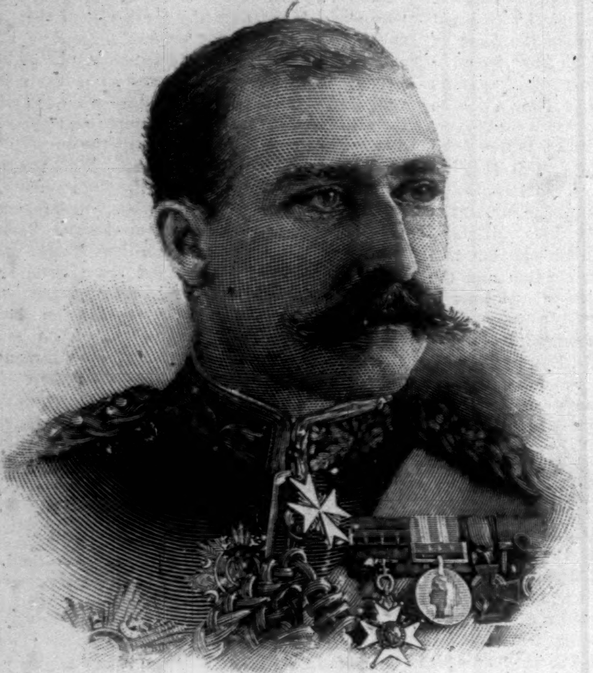
—One of Bismarck's amusements is pistol practice, of which he is fond, and at which in his youth he was expert. The range at Friedrichsruh is across a small lake, perhaps a hundred yards in diameter, and the Iron Chancellor's hand is still steady enough for him to bark a squirrel occasionally. A recent visitor to Friedrichsruh says that the fallen Minister, contrary to popular belief, is a man of great personal magnetism. He fascinates his guests, and when they depart, it is as if they were under the spell of a magician. The Prince's home life is delightful, and when his son, Count Herbert, and his daughter, the Countess Rantzan, are present, the family gathering is most genial.

—Andrew Carnegie was a messenger-boy in a Pittsburg telegraph office forty-three years ago. His first step upward was taken when he gained a practical knowledge of telegraphy, an accomplishment that meant more in those days than it does now. The transition was easy to the service of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and Thomas A. Scott, who was then at the head of the great corporation, saw his worth and pushed him forward. Mr. Carnegie says that in those days his great ambition was to be a newspaper writer, an ambition that also possessed Thomas A. Edison just after he learned telegraphy. But though Mr. Carnegie was disappointed in this desire, he lived to try his hand at literary work in a book that gave great comfort to his enemies.

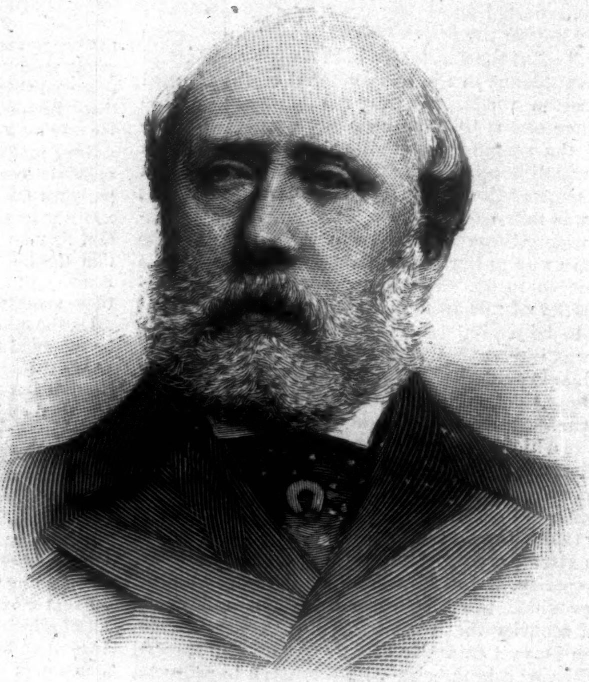
—The Archbishop of Canterbury, whose power in England, even in temporal matters, is inferior only to that of royalty, is a very enthusiastic horseman. He rides to avoid the increase of corpulence, and rides well, though his attire when on horseback seems rather incongruous, for with knee-boots he wears his shovel hat and apron. He may be seen galloping about London, and frequently in the slums of Westminster, where he goes to administer charity to the poor. His father was a poor country clergyman, and his rise in the Church has been a matter of phenomenal good fortune.

—Colonel John S. Mosby, the Confederate raider, says that the sabre of the cavalryman is nowadays merely an ornament of warfare. It looks well, and is entirely in keeping on dress parade, but as a weapon of defence in actual combat it long ago lost its usefulness. According to Colonel Mosby, only seven men were killed with sabres during the Franco-Prussian war, and hardly more during our own civil war. His own command gave up the use of the sabre at a very early period of the rebellion.

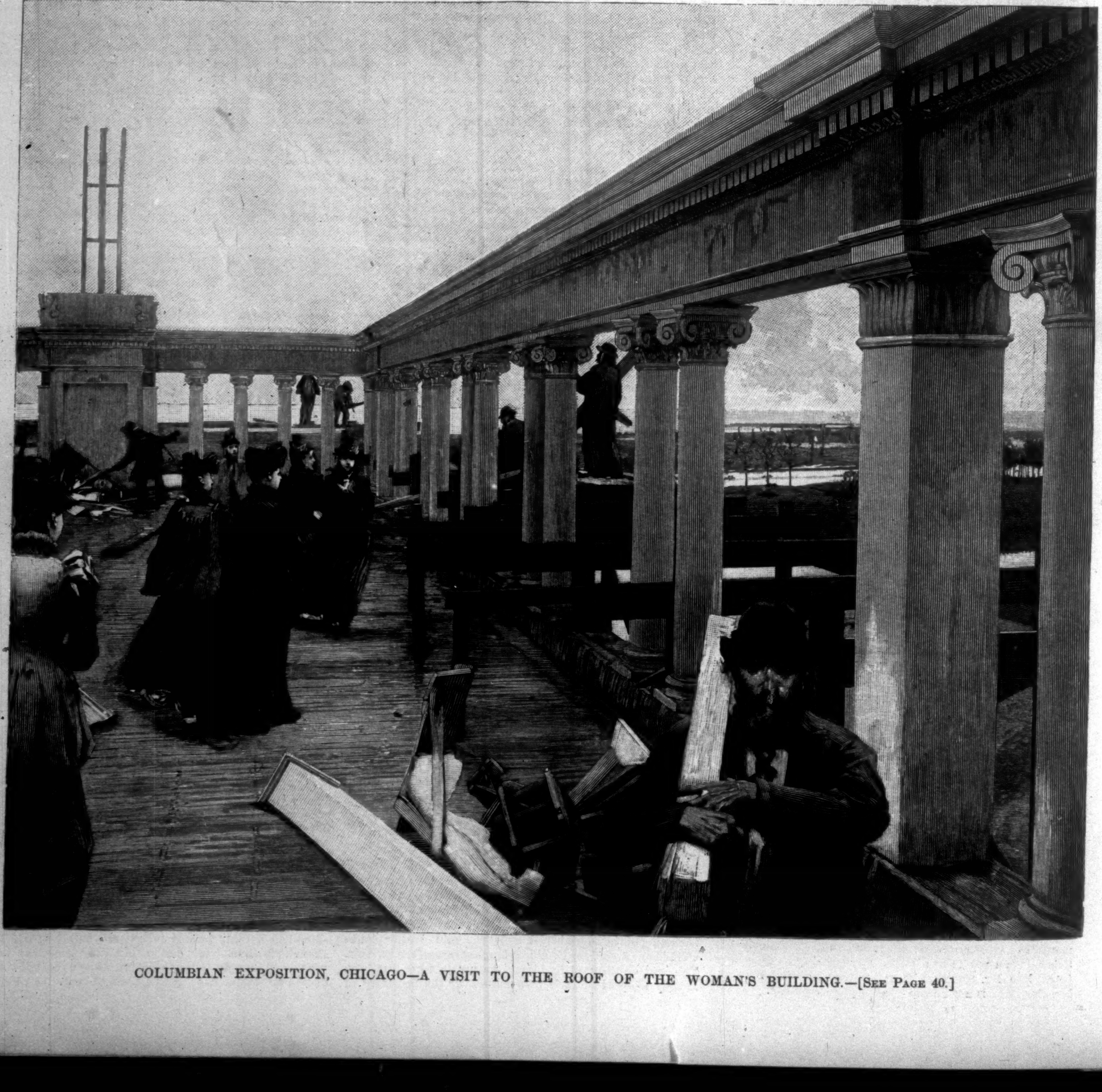
—One of the epicures of Congress is Senator Kenna, of West Virginia, who has gained a threefold reputation at the national capital as statesman, sportsman, and cook. Senator Kenna is an especial authority on deer, both as regards the pursuit of it in its native heath, and in serving it for the table. He says that the more plainly v[illegible]son is cooked, the more palatable it will be. Venis[illegible]steak should be quickly broiled in butter—an art in which the French *chef* must yield the palm to the American housewife—and brought to the table hot, while a roast of venison should be treated exactly as a roast of beef.



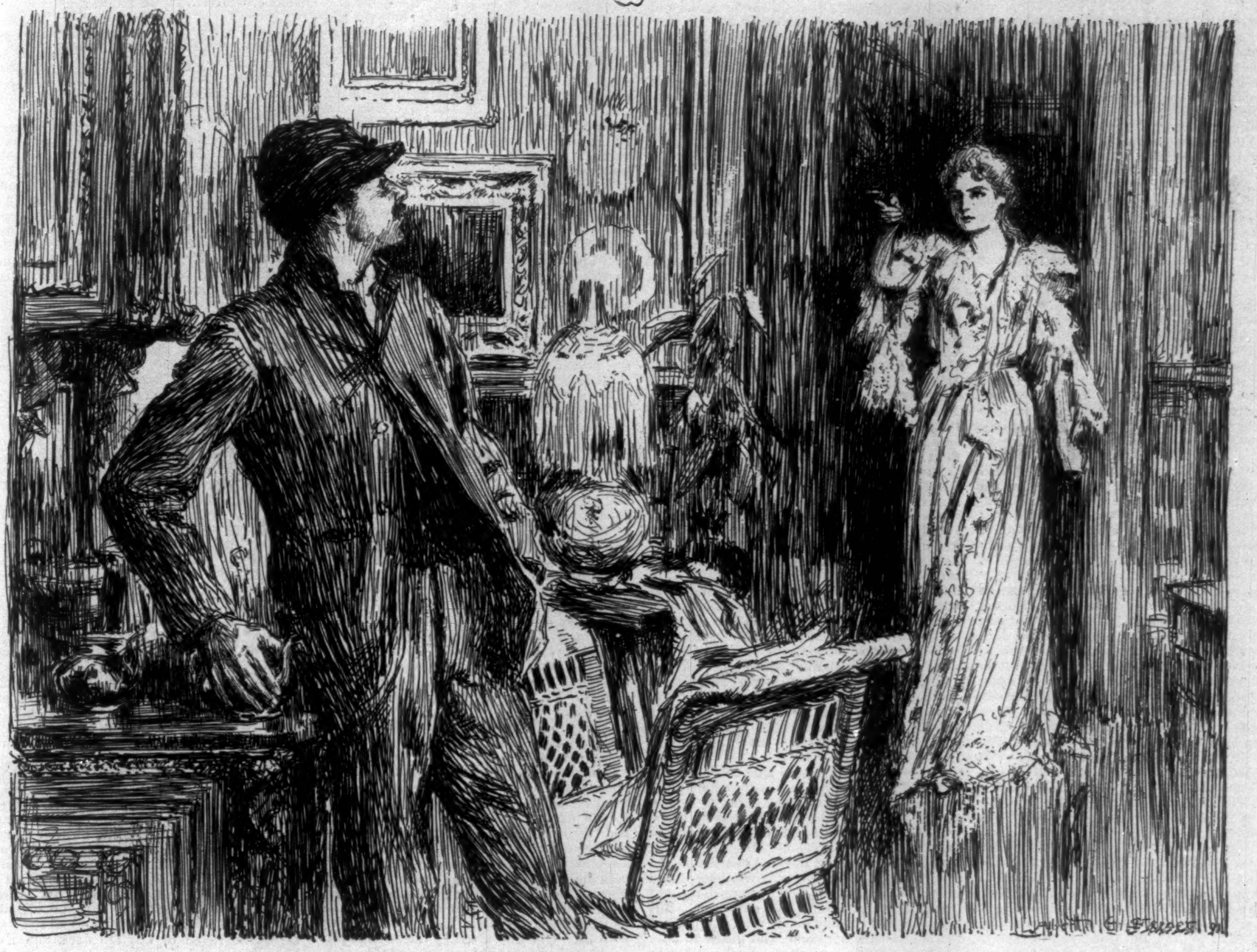
THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.
[SEE ARTICLE ON "ROYAL SPORTSMEN," PAGE 38.]



PRINCE CHRISTIAN OF SCHLESWIG-HOLSTEIN, WHO WAS ACCIDENTALLY SHOT BY THE DUKE OF CONNAUGHT.—[SEE ARTICLE ON "ROYAL SPORTSMEN," PAGE 38.]



COLUMBIAN EXPOSITION, CHICAGO—A VISIT TO THE ROOF OF THE WOMAN'S BUILDING.—[SEE PAGE 40.]



CALLAGHAN'S FAILURE.

BY THOMAS WINTHROP HALL.

MR. CALLAGHAN was busily engaged in an inspection of silver-ware that seemed to interest him exceedingly. He examined each article carefully, often stopping long enough to test the particular object with his teeth, or even to bend it. At the same time his actions were quiet, and, one might say, reserved. He did not appear to care to be noticed.

He was a rather tall young fellow, "carelessly dressed," as they say in novels, and had a pale face, like a student's. One might, indeed, have thought him a poor student were it not for his eyes, which, instead of looking tired and dreamy like a student's, were exceedingly active and restless. On the whole, his face and his general appearance were not prepossessing. Indeed, the policeman on the beat most frequented by Mr. Callaghan in social life reported him at the precinct house as "a general tough—suspicious."

Mr. Callaghan, though very young, had already learned the value of exceeding caution. Hence he was almost noiseless, and he inspected the silver-ware in the very mild light of a half-opened dark lantern. A happy smile played around the corners of his face the while, for the silver-ware he was examining proved to be of the finest and newest, and bore the monogram of a famous New York family. For that matter, the entire surroundings of Mr. Callaghan at the time were of the richest. The very sideboard at which he labored was worth a small fortune, and the cut glass upon it looked very beautiful in the mellow light. There were rich red tints in some of the glass-ware, occasioned by their contents, but Mr. Callaghan did not stop to examine them. He did not believe in drinking during business hours. The time was something after midnight.

Mr. Callaghan was aroused from his preoccupation by a faint click. It sounded very much like the click of a trigger as a revolver is cocked. It was a trifle startling, but he did not lose his presence of mind. He faced around like a flash, and turned off the rays of his dark lantern. He knew it was almost useless to take the latter precaution, however, for he was well informed, and he knew that in the houses of the rich of to-day it required but the pressing of a button to turn on a full stream of electric lights throughout an entire floor, The sudden burst of light came, just as he expected it would, and as it did so he heard a voice say, "Don't dare to move."

He was more startled by the voice than he was by the sudden glare of the electric lights, for it was the voice of a young girl. Mr. Callaghan blinked a few times, took a good look, and then his thin face broadened a trifle into a smile. At the other end of the room stood a very pale but resolute girl in a pink wrapper. She held a little gold-mounted revolver of a calibre so small that Mr. Callaghan, but for his natural politeness, would have laughed at it outright, and she was biting her lip, for she was apparently very nervous. The revolver was pointed in Mr. Callaghan's direction, but, alas! the hand that held it was shaking very perceptibly. Callaghan grinned. "Isn't it rather late for you to be out?" he asked her.

"Don't dare to move," she replied. "I know precisely what to do. Papa told me before he went away. I am going to send the burglar-alarm and have you arrested. Then you will be sent to State-prison."

"Well," almost laughed Mr. Callaghan, "why don't you do it? I'm waiting."

"Because," she answered, hesitatingly—"because you're standing in front of it."

"Oh, am I?" answered Callaghan. "Then I'll move away. I always like to be polite to ladies." He moved away a few steps.

She frowned a little bit. Then she said: "Excuse me. Will you please move a little further away?"

"Certainly," he answered; "anything to oblige a real lady."

She stepped toward the alarm, which Callaghan had not until then perceived, and stretched forth her hand. She was about to turn the little handle, when Callaghan said, hastily:

"Hold on a minute. Do you think that would be a nice thing to do?"

"Of course it would," she answered.

"Just think about it a moment," Callaghan continued. "If you do that, I'll be arrested, and sent up for fifteen or twenty years. Fifteen or twenty years in a little cell all by myself, with no one to talk to and nothing to do—except break stone for my health. Now I don't care anything about it myself. Of course I haven't done you any wrong. I haven't got away with the silver, and therefore there isn't any wrong done you—is there? I tried to, but you have got the best of me, and you're an awfully brave little girl to do it, too. But just think of yourself during the next fifteen or twenty years, if you have me sent up. Every day you'll be thinking about the poor fellow who's doing time because you made him, and every night you'll be lying awake crying because you made him suffer so much for such a little thing, and every time the minister in your church says anything about forgiving your enemies you'll be thinking he means you, and—"

She broke in—"I think I'll let you go." She said it very earnestly.

Callaghan laughed aloud. "That's right," he said. "I knew you would, for I knew you were a lady the minute I saw you. I didn't mean what I said. Probably in a month you'd forget all about me. No one remembers a fellow who's doing time but the police and the detectives. I was just trying an experiment. Do you think I was afraid you'd call the police? Nonsense. Do you think I was afraid of your little revolver? Nonsense. I've been shot twice by real revolvers. If you had tried to send the burglar-alarm do you know what I'd have done? I'd have made a quick jump for you, and I'd have had my hands about your throat before you could have winked. If you had fired the revolver you would have missed me. Girls can't shoot." He said this last almost contemptuously; but he was sorry a moment afterwards, for he noticed that she was growing very white and very frightened too. Nevertheless, he continued: "And after I'd got my hands about your neck, and you couldn't scream or struggle or shoot, what do you suppose I'd have done?"

She did not reply. She could not speak. She was trembling violently.

"I'd have—I'd have"—he was embarrassed, and he actually blushed—Callaghan blushed—"I'd have kissed you," he said, with an effort, "and then I'd have gone away. But you needn't look frightened any longer. I ain't going to hurt you, and I ain't going to kiss you; for some day you'd be ashamed of it, and you'd be ashamed to tell your sweetheart that Rocky Callaghan kissed you. And I ain't a-going to take anything that belongs to this house, although I could right before your eyes. I'm just a-going peaceably home." He started to walk toward the window by which he had entered. As he did so, however, he looked at her critically, stopped, and said: "You're going to hold out just about until I'm gone. Then you are going to faint. I can't leave you here alone in a faint. I'll fix it." He walked deliberately to the sideboard and poured out a glass of wine. "Here," said he, "drink this, and then go up stairs to bed as quick as you can. I'll lock the window after I go out."

She took the wine with a frightened "Thank you," and drank it.

Mr. Callaghan turned to leave. "That brings the red back in your cheeks," he said. "It's a good thing when not taken during business hours. Now I'm going, but I want you to remember that I am not afraid of the burglar-alarm or the little revolver. I'm not going to rob you, because—because you are so brave, and because you are so pretty. I sort of hate to make a failure of a job, and I guess the boys will guy me a bit for it; but you are too pretty." Saying which, Mr. Callaghan climbed nimbly through the window and disappeared.

THE COLONEL'S STORY.

BY GEORGE WILSON PRESCOTT.

I do not like to tell this thing concerning Eva Besancon very often, because there are always a few doubting Thomases who will not believe. And it is not likely I would relate it incorrectly, because I was there and saw and heard the whole thing from the very beginning. Besides, Mrs. Besancon was a friend of mine, as was Captain Jack also, and I thought a great deal of them both.

All this happened a long while ago. It has been years since I was in Australia; I was a young fellow then, and we had some rather jolly times. It was about the time when it became a regular thing to go over to the "Bush" and spend some months, though people do not do it so much now. Still, in my time, it was as much a matter of course as a trip on the Continent. Captain Jack came over on the same steamer with us, but Mrs. Besancon was already in Sydney when we came. I suppose I had better begin at the beginning.

I do not remember how I chanced to meet her. She was a great favorite in Sydney, and I suppose it was at some rout or other. But that does not matter. We all met her, one after the other, and we all fell in love with her at once just as every one else did. She was the most beautiful woman I ever saw. Still, it was not her beauty that was so attractive, though I suppose that had something to do with it; but there was a fascination about her, the very way she turned her head, or moved her fan, or the way she walked, seemed different from any other woman. And when she smiled in a slow gentle sort of way, it was quite enough to finish one.

Nobody knew much about her, except that she had a lovely home some distance out of Sydney, near Goulsburn. Nobody cared very much, either; she was quite correct and all that, and it was good form to know her. You never did know very much about the people out there in the colonies; they came and went away again, and the circle was changing all the time.

Captain Jack had been sent over to Sydney on some business of the government. We knew it was military business, but that was all. He was not a man to tell his affairs. We found this out on the steamer, when Dolly Chilton undertook to pump him, and we all put up a pool on the thing. Dolly was conceited, and rather thought he could do anything he chose. But Dolly was pretty badly worsted this time, and he lost his bet.

But Captain Jack was a pleasant fellow to know, and after a while we all liked him. Dolly was at last one of his most loyal followers. Everything that the Captain did, Dolly tried to do. But this was in Sydney.

We had not been in Sydney very long before there was a grand ball given. It was at the house of some very important personage, but I do not remember the name. Everybody who was anybody was on the edge of expectation. We were in miseries lest we should be left out. It would have broken Dolly's heart. But the invitations came, duly enough, and then we posted across the street to Captain Jack. His card lay unopened upon the table.

And when Pelham told him what it was, he only laughed, and stretched out his great body, and called it a waste of paper so far as concerned himself. Dolly was horrified.

"Why, man," he said, "you'll go; of course you'll go. All the *élite* will be there this time; we're going."

There was a laugh at this, but Dolly was complacently standing before the glass, and did not see any joke. But all we could get out of Captain Jack was that he would go if there was nothing else to do that night.

"Mrs. Besancon will be at the Place next week," announced Pelham. "Mrs. Besancon always stopped with the Munns when she came in to Sydney. "So she will be going too. And I would not miss being there for a good deal."

"But I don't know Mrs. Besancon," said Captain Jack. "Is that all the inducements you can offer?"

Pelham would not even reply to this, and, after a little bit, we went off again, and left Dolly babbling about Mrs. Besancon in the most maudlin kind of way, to which Captain Jack was not paying the least attention.

Well, when the night came, of course we were there, and everybody else. It was a great crowd, and every one was gotten up the best they could. It was very like a bit of London itself. And people were bowing and smiling languidly, and murmuring the conventional thing. There were plenty of pretty girls, but they could none of them come up to Eva Besancon that night. There were pretty girls in Sydney, too, those days.

But Pelham and I were watching for her long before she came in. And when she did come, in all her beauty, with the shimmering silvery folds of some marvellous stuff about her, we did not have a word to say. It simply dazzled me, and I should not be surprised if Pelham felt about the same way. Where Dolly was, we did not know, but he very soon brought up at her side. There was a throng around her, but I got hold of her programme at last, and succeeded in getting one dance from her. I had to cross off Dolly's name to get that, but Dolly already was down for another, and so he finally let me have it. I remember what it was, on account of what happened afterwards; it was a lancers, and they played it to some heathen tune I did not know at all.

Dolly had finally got a half-way promise from Captain Jack that he would come, and Dolly was going to introduce him to Mrs. Besancon. So we were just finishing that lancers, when I glanced towards the door, and saw Dolly's curly pow beside an immense fern. Then I saw him turn and greet some one in a delighted kind of way.

If Dolly had only known it, he never looked so small and so like a pretty little toy as he did whenever he stood beside Captain Jack. But all the same, Dolly was genuine enough in his admiration for the Captain. We all liked Captain Jack, but there was not one of us that was going to enumerate his perfections by the hour, as Dolly did. Sometimes he made me sick with it all, and the only way to shut him off was to hurl the boot-jack at him. It was really sickening to hear him.

I supposed Mrs. Besancon had never met Captain Jack, but I asked her just the same, and asked if I might present him. She said she did not know him, but that Dolly had asked her the same thing. We were through with that lancers now, and were very near the great fern. As we passed it, we met Dolly and Captain Jack face to face, and Dolly was saying something or other about Mrs. Besancon, for we heard the name. And then Dolly turned and saw us. But you could see with half an eye that something unexpected was the matter.

Mrs. Besancon drew herself up proudly, but I felt her hand on my arm tremble like a leaf. She and Captain Jack were both as white as chalk, and he stood there as erect and stiff as a poker. Poor Dolly did not know what to do, and he looked rather helplessly from one to the other. But Mrs. Besancon settled it herself. She hesitated only an instant, and then we moved on. The whole thing had taken but a second anyhow. I was so taken aback by the look on the faces of the two that I was completely dumfounded. I had just sense enough left to get her away as fast as possible, so out we went on the balcony, where there was very little light. I did not do it a minute too soon, for she dropped into a chair and burst into tears. I fanned her and brought her some water, but she seemed to forget my very presence at first.

After a while she came a little to herself, and told me she had been overcome by the heat. As if any ninny was going to believe that. But I really suppose she hardly knew what she said. I wanted to leave her a moment to find Mrs. Marion. Mrs. Marion was Eva Besancon's most devoted chaperon. In fact, Mrs. Besancon would never accept any of us as an escort, and everywhere she would drag along that abominable chaperon. But then she put her hand on my arm, and begged me not to leave her alone, and please to take her to her carriage at once. So I got her in the carriage, and sent a page for Mrs. Marion. Of course, I made up a pretty little apology to the hostess for Mrs. Besancon's sudden departure, though Mrs. Besancon had not thought about it at all.

The next time I saw Mrs. Besancon she was as lovely as ever, and excused herself to me very sweetly for the "trouble she had so unavoidably caused me." But she said nothing about Captain Jack, nor Dolly either. Dolly himself was in the depths of distress and curiosity. He concluded he had mortally offended both of his idols. But to his relief, each was as nice to him as ever. But that did not solve the mystery. Could it have been possible that Mrs. Besancon and Captain Jack had known each other before? We knew as little of Captain Jack's life as we did of Mrs. Besancon's. We reasoned and argued the matter among ourselves without ever arriving at any satisfactory conclusion. They did not meet again, as far as we knew. Captain Jack now refused all invitations, on plea of business. He never spoke of Mrs. Besancon nor of that night. Dolly said he left the rooms without a word, and looked very stern. Dolly had a new theory about the matter every time we talked of it. His last theory was that Captain Jack was simply jealous of him. Pelham and I had no theory at all; we only smoked and lay back in our hammocks, and listened to Dolly spout till it was time to throw the boot-jack at him.

Well, it went on about this way for some time. Then Mrs. Besancon gave a party at her house near Goulsburn. It was a very pretty place among the mountains, and we were all invited for a week's stay. It was not such a big crowd, but enough to fill the house, and we knew we were going to have the highest kind of a time.

It was about a half-hour's ride out there from Goulsburn, and we dawdled around Goulsburn for several days before. Dolly had tried to get Captain Jack with us, but he said he had other business. Dolly had been cheeky enough to ask him if he was invited to the house party. After what had happened, Dolly ought really to have known better.

Captain Jack seemed not even to remember that there was such a person as Mrs. Besancon, nor to have heard of the house party, but he changed the subject pretty abruptly. We thought of this afterwards.

The night of her party it rained. But we were all on hand, and no one thought much of the weather outside. At least not at first. She was a perfect hostess. There were a good many people who had come over for the evening from Goulsburn, and she had several "lions" from Sydney, so everything was going along merrily enough. They were dancing in the ballroom, but in the music-room there was singing, and, of course, Pelham and I were right there. Pelham had finished a solo, and Mrs. Besancon had succeeded in inducing Miss Somebody or Other from Goulsburn to give us a song. So she sang, and Mrs. Besancon accompanied her herself. Then Dolly came meandering in, and nothing would do but Mrs. Besancon must favor us with a song also. Dolly rooted in the music-stand till he had fetched out about a dozen songs which he wanted to hear, and the young lady from Goulsburn said it was not fair of Mrs. Besancon to refuse. Dolly did not know any more about music than a rabbit, but they finally found a song which she said she would try. She played her own accompaniment. I never hear that song now without a creepy feeling. It was old as could be, but I will never hear it again sung with the expression she put into the thing.

> "I would be so tender, so loving, Douglas, Douglas."

That line was the last she ever sang. For the matter of that—well, I will wait till I come to it.

We all heard the call at the same time.

"Eva! Eva!"

It sounded above the patter of the rain outside; above the rustling of the great trees by the window; above the tones of the piano and the low, sweet voice. Dolly and Pelham and I recognized it at the same moment, and looked at each other. Was not Captain Jack in Sydney? As I said, she stopped abruptly. Some one went to the door, but there was no one there. Possibly the others would not have noticed it any further but for Mrs. Besancon herself. Her hands dropped in her lap, and she leaned forward as though listening. Some one remarked that it must have been a mistake, and there was no one there; and the young lady from Goulsburn begged her to go on with the song. But Mrs. Besancon never even heard her. She rose from the piano without a word, and then we all noticed the expression on her face, eager and passionate, unconscious of anything but something which she seemed to see a long way before her.

She put out her hands before her, and said, "Coming!" Every one of the small circle around her was very quiet. We did not know what to make of her, and were rather waiting for an explanation. The next minute she had thrown open the long window, and stepped out into the rain. Dolly grabbed up somebody's scarf, and followed her; and Pelham and I, after a glance at each other, went also. The young lady from Goulsburn called after us, and Pelham went back for a second to reassure them. He soon caught up with us. One girl, awed by the strange proceedings, had burst out crying, and they were trying to quiet her. We soon saw the gleam of Mrs. Besancon's white dress among the trees. Dolly had got the shawl around her, and was talking to her. But she did not answer, and went along like a somnambulist; and finally Dolly saw us just behind, and called to us to come up. Then we missed them for a space. At the next flash of lightning, they were just ahead. So I came up on the other side of Mrs. Besancon, and took her hand. Dolly had the other arm, and was stumbling along in the darkness begging her to go back. It was still raining, and every little while there was a blaze of lightning and a crash of the thunder. Her hand was like ice. Dark as it was, her footing never faltered, but she went forward as evenly as if she were walking over her own lawn. We were on the road to Goulsburn, and even in daylight it is not the best for walking.

She did not speak to any of us, and after a bit we let her go on without a word. We released our hold on her arms, for we stumbled along so much ourselves that we were only a weight upon her. I never took such a walk before, and I pray I may never again. In the flashes of light we could see her looking always straight before her, her head erect, and the rain falling upon it.

It seemed hours before we finally did reach Goulsburn, but it could not have been that long. The rain had ceased when we struck the main street of the place. There was no light except in front of the saloons. She had gone at no slow sort of pace, and we were breathing pretty hard. But she was not; her head was erect, and she did not slacken up her steps in the least. She was making straight for the hotel; so we followed her. As we came into the light, we looked blankly at each other. What puzzled us so was that she seemed to know so well where she wanted to go. The few people around the hotel at that time of night looked at us in astonishment. I can imagine just about how absurd we appeared. There was Mrs. Besancon, in her white evening dress, with nothing over her shoulders but a thin little shawl, and wholly unconscious of anything about her; and Dolly and Pelham and I, in party rig also, following along after her, and all four of us drenched with the rain. Our path across the floor was marked by pools of water, and the mud from our feet. One of us explained as well as we could; the people fortunately recognized us. There was really no explanation we could give as yet, for no surmise of the truth had as yet come to me. As to Dolly and Pelham, I do not remember whether they suspected what was coming or not. In the little space of time we paused to apologize for such an intrusion, Mrs. Besancon had gone forward to a little private parlor at one side. And when we followed, almost fearing to enter because of the utter silence within, there we found her.

With her arms thrown around his neck as she knelt beside him was Captain Jack. Under ordinary circumstances, coming upon such a scene as this, we would most likely have beaten a retreat. But the whole thing was so unexpected that we did not think of this. Captain Jack's head rested on his arm on the table, amidst a mass of papers and documents. The lamp was burning brightly. Both were very still as we stood there for a few moments. Dolly went forward and spoke to her. There was no answer, and he tried to raise her from the floor. Her head fell back upon his shoulder, and we carried her to the lounge. She never came back to this earth. The surgeon whom we summoned hastily said she had been dead an hour. But that was absurd, as not fifteen minutes before we had walked into Goulsburn with her. However, the man stuck to what he said, and seemed to think we were making a mistake about the time. Captain Jack was quite dead; heart-disease, the man said. It was not heart-disease that had caused Mrs. Besancon's death; they gave it some long name I cannot remember. They were buried in the one grave the next day. Mrs. Besancon's face had the most radiant expression on it I ever saw on one dead. She seemed only asleep, and just about to awake. They found around Captain Jack's neck, suspended by a slender gold chain, a small flat locket with Eva Besancon's likeness in one side and a lock of hair very like hers. Possibly among their papers something must have been found which would explain the mystery which connected these two lives; but if it was, it was carefully concealed by friends.

Of course, the main story did get out, in spite of all we could do to smoothe it over for Mrs. Besancon's sake, and his also; and people surmised and hinted, just as people always do. Just exactly what great trouble had parted them I never heard, but it is certain that the great leveller, Death, united those two spirits at the last. Captain Jack must have been dying that instant we heard the call, and his final thought in this life and the first thought in the next was of her.

It was her soul that answered. Soul spoke to soul across the deeps of eternity, so that it was no death for them, but only a new life. This is the real truth of that story. Whether you are going to believe it, you know best. As I told you, I saw and heard it all just so, and it is not a thing that I would be likely to forget very soon. I left Sydney not long after to take poor Dolly home. He fell into a fever, and all the way across he raved of Captain Jack and Eva Besancon, and I am not ashamed to say he brought the tears to my eyes more than once by his piteous appeals that she would come to him. He fairly worshipped her, and I never knew how deeply he had felt till that time. I never told him all he said in those ravings, and to this day Dolly does not know it.

THE SUBURBAN.

BY G. T. FERRIS.

The nostalgia for the country periodically assails even the most artificial man of the city, bred in the arid landscape of brick and stone, and steeped in cockney habitudes. Though he may have been transplanted in the remote stock of a grandfather, a faint music in his pulses shows the mounting of the aboriginal sap. He thinks with longing of

> "Hill, and plain, and shady groves, and sunny plains,
> And liquid lapse of murmuring streams,"

till even the cacophony of the Stock Exchange ceases to be inspiring. The intense humanism of Dr. Johnson and Charles Lamb enamored them of London as a lover dotes on his sweetheart; but their words now and then tingle with this thrill which we may well call "earth hunger." The annual summer exodus of the wealthier classes to mountain and sea-shore; the outing of the Sunday tripper; the capricious oscillation of the millionaire man of leisure, who flits from city mansion to lordly country-seat as the mood takes him, whether the earth glitters with summer dews or Christmas frost; the constant excursions of athletic clubs, walking parties, and bicycle tourists composed of young men who do not go countrywards "to sport with Amaryllis in the shade"—all speak of the same essential fact.

Yet the man of the city, let him wear silk shirt and knickerbockers or don the rustier garb of the country habitat, never loses the seal which stamps him as a wanderer, be he drone or worker, from the swarming hives of men. The sharp distinction between those whose lives are spent in the country and such as have their homes in the metropolis is so manifest in manner, bearing, and appearance as to be plain to the dullest.

Of recent years another large class has arisen, a well-marked outcome in social evolution, the suburban, a hybrid in his characteristics and conditions, but like many a hybrid in plant life, a notable and interesting growth. It need scarcely be said that the suburban is one whose pursuits are in the city, but who resides in the country, generally in a country town, as a permanent home.

This country town, indeed, sometimes calls itself a city. It may be lighted by gas and electricity, and possess a system of water-works, a pretentious opera-house, etc., but any spice of the metropolis is lost in a certain *tertium quid* not without its own aromatic flavor. In fact, it is in these larger towns that the suburban prefers to dwell, for he is enough of the Philistine to be alert for the most comfortable things going when he can secure them at moderate cost, and sharp to get money's worth. It is Dives with his millions, the magic of which can crown a beautiful waste with all the luxury and splendor of Aladdin's palace, who is disposed to shrug his shoulders at what he may consider the smug conveniences of an overgrown village.

The last quarter of a century has witnessed in our own country a prodigious expansion of suburban life, and it has sprung out of factors in themselves significant. True, the suburb had got its social baptism at an earlier date. New York had its Staten Island and Orange, Boston its Brookline and Jamaica Plain, Philadelphia its Germantown, and Chicago its Evanston. But for one of these metropolitan annexes then existent there are now a score, each alive with public spirit and smartly conscious of its own individuality, despite the fact that most of the prominent residents are sucked each morning into the whirlpool of the big city to be vomited forth again at night. Indeed it may be said that to-day the country surrounding the more prominent centres for a radius of from twenty-five to forty miles is in the truest sense suburban.

Each census makes more emphatic the tendency of the large cities to grow at the expense of the country proper. This excessive congestion shoots rents skyward, and in other ways enhances the expense of city living. It has inevitably sent increasing streams of overflow to the surrounding regions, especially those sites which have natural advantages of scenery and location. Thus the swelling of the metropolis is paralleled by the growth of subordinate towns, as if underground roots running out far from the parent stem had bourgeoned into a lusty life. This, again, has not only doubled and tripled the train service on the old-established lines of railway, but has created new routes of steam transit. New York is especially *en evidence* as a type of the tendencies of suburban overflow. Its peculiar shape has exaggerated the centrifugal force which erupts satellites from a central sun in human as well as cosmic relations. Yet what is true of New York is true of most other great cities; even London, Paris, and Berlin. So the suburban exodus is not strictly an American phenomenon. There are not less than one hundred towns which may be considered suburbs of New York city, aside from those great dormitories, Brooklyn and Jersey City. To accommodate the ebb and flow of this daily human tide there are about one hundred and seventy-five trains each way, exclusive of long-distance expresses.

Among the various inducements which impel the suburban to the choice of his home, the very practical one of thrift is probably the leading motive. Probably many a man uproots his household gods from the big city with sighs of regret, and curses the Hobson's choice which cuts him loose from a thousand fascinating associations. To make one dollar do the work of two has always been the problem of social and business life in America. The quick turn and the nimble sixpence have ruled commercial methods in a nation which, till within a few years, has never had much surplus capital. To go where one needs only half the income to make the same show of importance, and to command all the substantial comforts of the city, withal is seductive. Allied to this very human weakness is another even more suasive to some minds. The absence of class barriers in social life engenders a keen ambition, impelling man and his better half to put the best foot foremost and struggle for some kind of distinction, even if it be by brevet. In the great city competition is as keen as a sword-blade, and inflicts as many cuts. It requires commanding power of personal character, of talent, or of tact, in addition to the accident of wealth, to achieve social rank which will gratify vanity. According to that great historiographer, Mr. Milton, a certain eminent personage elected to be first in the other place rather than to be second in heaven. It is exhilarating to be "a big toad in the puddle," and it may be assumed that in some cases the man with ample wealth to milk all the enjoyments of city life does not "waste his sweetness on the desert air" without some *arrière pensée* of this kind. Yet, again, there are others, and not a few, who love with unaffected delight the ever-varying beauty of the country, and find the quiet and sweetness of life "far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife" a genuine benediction after a day in the city swim. A notable element, too, which lends salt to such a community, and which is here seen at its best, is the man of moderate competence, who has retired from active pursuits. We find him devoted to books, flowers, gardening, etc., radiating a spirit of sober and modest content, which makes his life an object-lesson. In a country where the rabid lust of money-getting whips so many ardent natures worthy of better things from youth to hoary age, this benign personality, which one does not need to search far to find among the suburbans, is a shining fact, and his acquaintance is almost worth a pilgrimage. That public spirit in the suburban town should be a rampant fact as compared with its show in the metropolis is scarcely a paradox. The resident of a community where every one knows the other, at least by sight, is necessarily more sensitive to public opinion than the average cit lost in a throng of eager and restless spirits. The tendency to shirk civic or local duty which offers no adequate return is all but universal in the one case. In the other, there seems to be a cheerful alacrity in bearing the burdens of citizenship; sometimes, indeed, an amusing rivalry for petty office, and always a keen interest in the public weal. The suburban, somehow, has a notion that his vote is worth more than amidst political surroundings where bossism packs caucuses and swings majorities with cynical audacity.

Turning to the personal aspects of life, the observer detects distinctions quite as worthy of note. The suburban pays less attention to the minutiæ of dress, even when he dons his city war-paint. He is not so fastidious as to being kid-gloved, his shoes are not quite so brilliantly polished, his neck-wear is not as smartly arranged and bejewelled, his trousers tend to bag at the knee, his hat does not shine with the same immaculate gloss. It is not that he cares less for these things in his heart. But the conditions are not as tense or constant which keep a man well set up to the tailor's ideal. The man of town is made keenly alive to the value of a gallant outside, by the infinite variety of needs involved in business or diversion. If he is impecunious, swell garments lend the sham of prosperity, which he knows is half the battle for the adventurer. Should he be a rogue—well, Shakespeare, who spoke for all time, tells us

> "Through tattered robes small vices do appear
> Robes and furred gowns hide all."

If his sleekness merely embodies the story of a fat purse and a complacent vanity, it is but the duty he owes to himself and the public to appear on parade with the befitting strut, loyal to a lower sort of *noblesse oblige*. Whether he is in business harness, or promenading, at the club, the opera, the casual social function, he must keep his fine feathers preened up to the mark of the smartest of his set. It is only the multi-millionaire who can afford to ape shabbiness among the city men.

The suburban separates himself on the city sidewalk from the throng of pedestrians by a more leisurely air and stride, as if he at least were not walking against time, happily assured that life offers chance for all rational accomplishment. The fiery eager eye of the American business man, as of one always behindhand and trying to catch up, which foreigners note among the throngs of Wall Street and Broadway, does not display itself among this class, at least in the same degree. A certain air of deliberateness in the approach to the end desired is as alien to the dawdle of the *flaneur* and idler as it is to the nervous impatience marking a typical class of Americans. It may be that the sedate and easy-going fashions of the rural régime which controls more than half of the suburban's life tend to relax the sense of solicitude which haunts the other like his shadow. Possibly, too, the habit of doing things accurately within time, fostered by the slavery of railway trains, helps to a more accurate definition of business duties, and the methods under which they can be easily met.

The resident of the suburban annex, though he does not neglect the amusements of town, thinks more of the pleasures of his home circle, the joys of a book or magazine by the light of a shaded lamp, and the *déshabillé* of dressing-gown and slippers than of flaunting abroad for recreation. To the city man freshly initiated into this provincial life, and accustomed to believing that the keenest excitement of the day begins at sunset, the new experience is depressing. The suburb is a mixture of country and town, but if the taste is at first a little brackish, it is not without a certain cleansing relish, like olives at table, giving appetite for all healthy and hearty pleasures. It is true, however, that the suburb, as it grows big and ambitious, tends to imitate in sundry fashions the institutions of town, catching the form if it misses the spirit. Clubs, public libraries, concerts, theatrical entertainments, and dinner parties reflect in a miniature way the habits of the great city. Yet neither Mr. nor Mrs. Suburban cultivate these things with a very ardent zest at home. The attempts at public amusement are generally too feeble and flaccid to win other than failure. Unless the so-called entertainment is something which titillates the social *amour propre*, it is delivered still-born, and is buried with a mild epitaph in the local paper. It is the church alone which, as a form of amusement, can flourish with lusty vigor in the suburban soil. Here the time-honored tradition of rural life comes to the fore. This has always made the church not only the sanctuary where the sins of the meek are washed white as wool in the service of prayer and praise, but also the club-house of the farm folk; and nearly all the secular pleasures have hung like apples on the branches of this fruitful tree. The influence of the past still bestows something of this high social leadership on the church in the suburb. The new-comer is looked on askant unless he joins the privileged circle, and signs, not necessarily the roll of membership, but a substantial check or two in the course of the year, and owns a pew. This bestows a certificate of worth which is an "open sesame" to the suburban best.

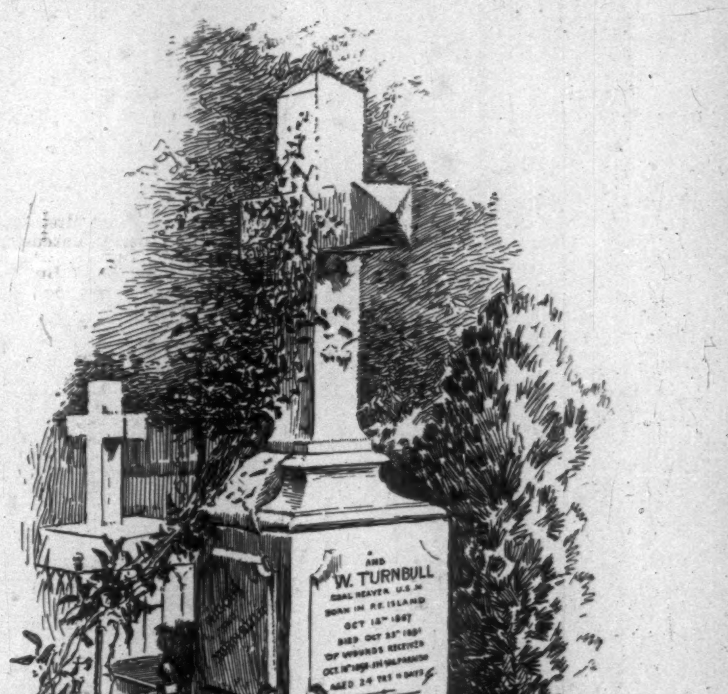
For purely secular pleasures, however, the suburban, in his moderate way, when he cares to sip a little dissipation, finds his principal outlet in town. The ladies, of course, have the joys of the matinée to refresh their *ennui* at all times, and their sedulous devotion sheds manna of comfort on the box-office of many a theatre. But no woman that ever lived feels a tithe of the enjoyment at a day performance which thrills her at night. It is then that the men are out in full feather; the subtile masculine influence spreads itself like some pungent balm, gently stirring the feminine bosom, and both actors and spectators feel that they are most thoroughly appreciative of each other. It is a white-letter day when *paterfamilias* can be coddled into inviting his women folk to join him in town, dine at a restaurant, and then, heigh ho! for the opera or theatre. If some sighing Strephon whom Miss Suburban looks on with eyes of favor is permitted to join the family party, the felicity of at least one member of the party reaches flood tide. Such delicious outings as this the city folk can never fully realize, for they have something of the fresh touch-and-go charm of a picnic, with none of the sloppy incompleteness which make picnics detestable in detail.

Though the aggregate wealth of the suburban town is generally large, and the tastes of its people generous, the shopkeepers do not greatly benefit. A brilliant and varied show of goods is rarely seen in the shop windows, and for a soundly commercial reason, madame and her daughters accustomed to frequent excursions to the metropolis prefer to shop at the great city bazars, where the exquisite delight of tossing over an endless variety of dainty fabrics in addition to the article purchased is thrown in as a premium. The suburban woman is a free-trader in principle, and scoffs at the home market, though McKinley may be her spouse's political demigod. Pins and needles, thread and worsted, and such humdrum trifles measure her notions of domestic merchandise. But when the question is of silk and velvet and other costly dress stuffs, the most exquisite display would fade in her eyes if exhibited on the suburban counter. Her husband, too, likes to buy the choicer luxuries of his table in the city, if not its necessities. Endless hampers bursting with meats, game, and poultry go countryward by daily express from the metropolitan markets. Indeed the tidal rush for the home-bound trains is a curious spectacle. Men and women are laden with packages of every shape and size—fish, flesh, fowl, fruit, dry-goods, toys—nearly everything useful less bulky than pianos, stoves, and washing-machines. The suburban carries his bundle as the camel carries his hump, it is a part of him by the law of natural selection. Aforetime, perhaps, in his bachelor days, when he lived in Babylon, the vision of himself bearing a bulky package would have paralyzed him. Now he plumes himself on belonging to the tribe of Issachar, and will even carry home the family dinner with as unsophisticated an air as if he were cock robin flying nestward with a craw full of worms.

With some features which are petty and provincial in suburban life, it presents in the general an agreeable and wholesome aspect. The wonderful varied pageant of the year pictures its changing splendors for him from day to day and from season to season. If he loves nature, the suburban returns each day to a companionship made more stimulating by the contrast of the city; if he loves out-door games and sports—the tramp through the summer stubble or the autumn woods with gun and dog, or the whiz of the reel as he makes a cast for trout or bass—he may easily find a location where he need not go far afield from his own door. Again, if he takes delight in books, where can he read with a more passionate zest than amidst the surroundings of country life? Horace, writing to his friend Lollius at the capital from the chestnut groves and rose bowers of Præneste, informs him that he had just been re-reading the immortal tale of Troy, and that he found in it everything worth knowing,

> *"Quid sit pulchre, quid turpe, quid utile, quid non,"*

more clearly set forth than in all the pratings of philosophy. Who can doubt that the Roman poet heard the swing and thunder of the sea of hexameters beat on his fancy with a diviner music because it was set to the accompaniment of the golden Italian summer, and his glance could turn from the parchment scroll to the raptures of light and color that made the outlook a glimpse of Elysium? All the pleasures of a sane and serene experience promise themselves to the suburban. The influence of the town sends a wave of motion through his life, which saves him from the stagnation of those whose boundary is purely local, and the country gives him of its best. And yet facts are at an eternal seesaw with each other.



A MONUMENT TO AMERICAN SAILORS IN CHILI.

On October 16th last, C. W. Riggin, boatswain's mate of the United States cruiser *Baltimore*, was stabbed and shot by Chilians at Valparaiso, dying instantaneously; while William Turnbull, a coal-heaver, who was also stabbed on the same day, lingered until the 25th of October. The officers and men of the *Baltimore* resolved, in order to perpetuate the memory of their shipmates, and to serve as a record of the deed, to erect a monument in the British cemetery at Valparaiso. Standing some ten feet high, the base and cross are of pure white marble, and the monument is a conspicuous mark in the resting-place of the English and Americans who have found eternal rest in Chili. On All-Saints Day the grave of Riggin and Turnbull was literally covered with flowers, under the direction of Colonel W. B. McCreery, the United States consul. A handsome bronze railing of nautical design will surround the monument and grave, testifying to the esteem in which the dead seamen were held by their comrades.

THE ACCEPTED DESIGN FOR THE CATHEDRAL OF ST. JOHN THE DIVINE.—FR

OM THE D

e of the
early get
say that
on which
he after-
hints of
further
men are
e whole
itors to
ins that
wishes
as a hint
nd still
alicious
may se-
ding up
n come
philan-
the po-
m, and
All of
by the
is day
, he is
of the
ule of
d near

ditor.
nd the
ined.
space
wance
may
being
some
d the
o the
bably
could
hav-
aving
rting
t city
tired

the
or he
h his
e re-
itor,
and
t im-
good
read-
eatly
rs of
r ac-
nded
the
is is
the
rters
and
herly

rters
ians,
d an
re-
and
and
other
must
s of
vary
of-
d if
ex-
ex-
of
the
pre-
re-
re-
ohn
h."
of
og-
ted
an
he
pon
ese
of
es-
tor
ely
tly
to
e is
ch
ws,
aw

he
pt
nd
ht
ne
his
ore
ng
u-
he
he
ty
ter
ry
his
e,
for
he
ng
rs

THE UNITED STATES REVENUE MARINE SERVICE.

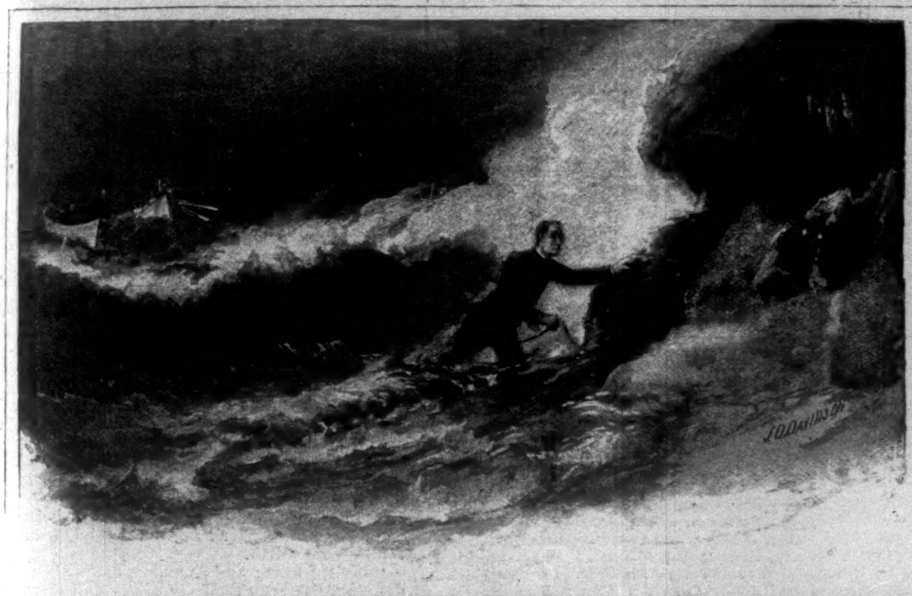
BY LIEUTENANT G. L. CARDEN, U. S. N.—ILLUSTRATED BY J. O. DAVIDSON.

ON the 27th of March, 1891, the United States revenue-cutter *Morrill*, First Lieutenant W. S. Baldwin commanding, arrived at Charleston, South Carolina, having performed the feat of forcing an inland passage through the waters stretching between the North Edisto and Ashley rivers of South Carolina. By so doing, the *Morrill* demonstrated beyond question the ability of a war vessel drawing not over ten feet of water to navigate the whole of the inland passages from Charleston, South Carolina, on the north, to Fernandina, Florida, on the south, a distance of at least 155 miles.

From a military point of view the feat of the *Morrill* cannot be overestimated. It assures complete and certain communication between vessels of a torpedo flotilla consisting of torpedo boats, torpedo gunboat cruisers, and gunboats operating on the defence against a blockading force of the enemy anywhere south of Philadelphia. It further assures an inland passage all the way from Philadelphia to Fernandina, with the exception of the stretch of South and North Carolina coast lying midway between Morehead City on the north, and Charleston on the south.

Valuable as is the result of the *Morrill's* passage, it must be admitted that the attempt was made more from curiosity than as a military experiment. The story of the run, as related by one of the *Morrill's* officers, is briefly as follows:

"The *Morrill* left Charleston on a Tuesday for a run to the southward. Tuesday night found the vessel anchored far up St. Pierre Creek, a branch of the South Edisto. Wednesday morning the *Morrill* scoured over the waters of the South Edisto, ran out to sea, and crossed North Edisto bar later in the day, falling off before the first of a heavy northeast blow. Wednesday night she was at anchor in the Wadmalaw River (the extreme head waters of the North Edisto), the afternoon having been taken up with infantry and rifle drill by the blue-jackets.



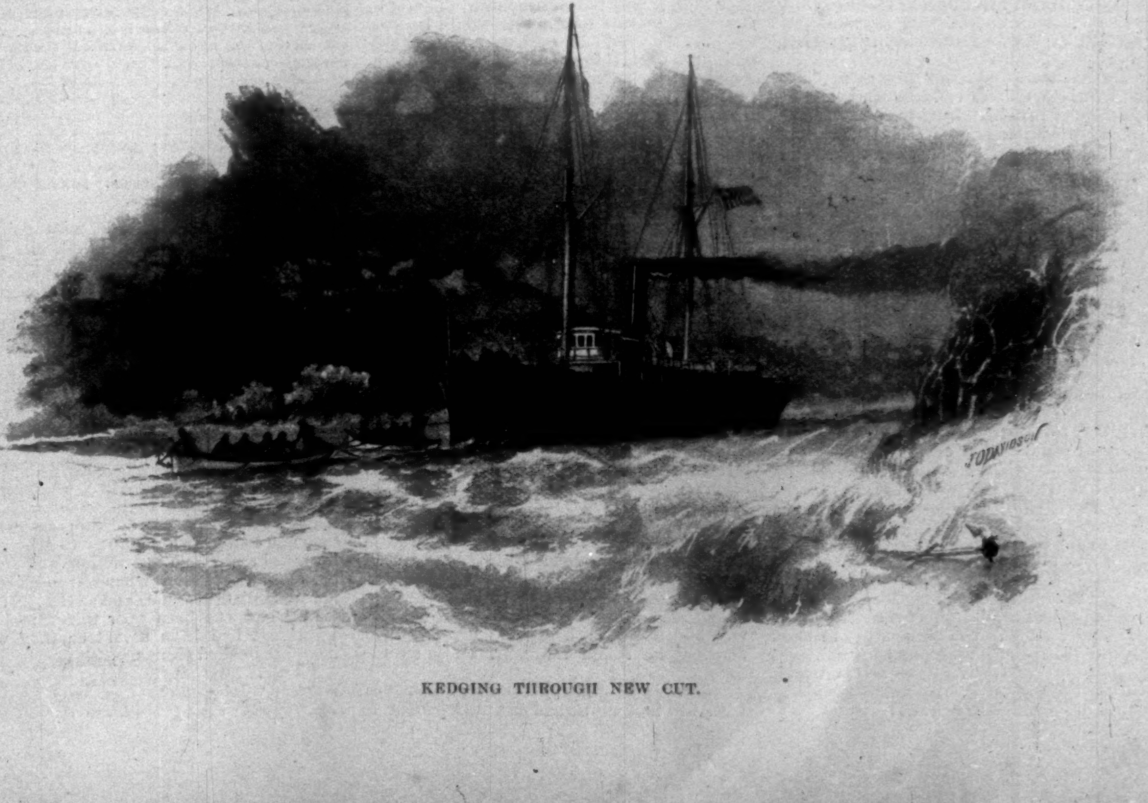
CADET SCOTT CARRYING THE LIFE LINE ASHORE.

"Thursday morning opened with a furious gale blowing from the southeast. On North Edisto bar the breakers were running twelve and fifteen feet high, leaving in their intervals as little as three feet of water. Under such conditions, any attempt to cross the bar meant certain destruction. It was as late as Thursday morning that the idea of forcing an inland passage to Charleston through New Cut, Church Flats, and the Stono River suggested itself, and Lieutenant Baldwin at once proceeded to carry it out. The tide at the time was running flood, lacking two hours of high water.

"At 6.30 A.M. the *Morrill* was under way, and heading toward the marshes of Wadmalaw River. Kedges and running lines were gotten up, and kept at hand fore and aft. Boats were made ready for lowering, and careful leadsmen stationed in the chains. The *Morrill* was drawing nine feet on a mean draught. Forging slowly ahead under 'one bell,' the vessel wound in and out around bends so narrow that the land at times was not more than eight or ten feet from the sides of the ship. In astonishment the whole colored population along the banks of the Wadmalaw gathered at the river's edge to gaze on the apparition of a steamship ploughing through their creeks and duck ponds.

"The first touch came not more than six miles up the Wadmalaw. There was plenty of water to starboard, but the sharpness of the bend forced the vessel against the port bank. Added to this, the force of the northeast blow and driving rain from starboard was too much for a single screw to overcome. Down went the boats, out came the kedges, and the blue-jackets were soon planting an anchor well to windward in a bunch of marsh. The men hauled away with a hurrah, and soon, by vigorous snubbing, the ship was off the bank and in the stream. All such rubbing on the bottom was of little consequence, as the lead showed sticky mud and plenty of it.

"Forging ahead again, the *Morrill* left Wadmalaw behind, and entered New Cut. This cut was dredged by the British as far back as 1777 in an attempt to kedge through some of their smaller war vessels. The *Morrill* found ten feet of water all the way through the cut, but again experienced difficulty in rounding the sharp bends.

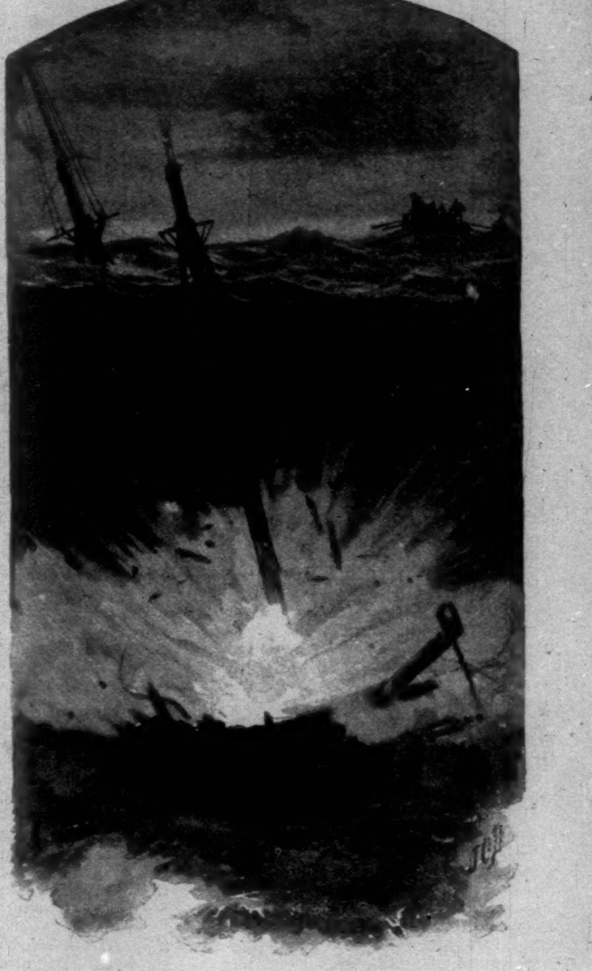


KEDGING THROUGH NEW CUT.

Much of this difficulty would have been avoided had the wind not been blowing hard. At the extreme upper end of the cut kedges had to be run, in order to work the vessel around the last point.

"From New Cut the *Morrill* emerged into Church Flats, the head waters of the Stono River. This was at 9.15 A.M., and to the call of the leadsman, singing, 'A quarter less two, sir,' which call suddenly changed to 'two fathoms,' and soon to 'two and a quarter,' the sturdy little vessel worked ahead. From the head of Church Flats to the Stono, and down the Stono as far as Wappoo Creek, the *Morrill* gradually increased her speed from a slow forge ahead to six knots, then eight knots, ten knots, and finally twelve knots. The tide being found running ebb, the *Morrill* anchored for the night abreast Elliot's Cut, an opening into Wappoo Creek. Friday morning, at nine o'clock, the cutter ran through the creek, came out into Ashley River, and anchored off Charleston, with the northeast gale still blowing hard outside."

The performance of the *Morrill* shows that with a ten-foot passageway existing in what had heretofore been deemed mere marsh-land, it is apparent that a flotilla of torpedo boats and torpedo cruisers can be operated along the Atlantic coast from Norfolk to Fernandina, dashing out from one passageway or another on hostile vessels, and creating alarm in any blockading force.



DESTROYING A SUNKEN WRECK.

One of the most important of the numerous duties assigned to the revenue marine is the patrol of the Bering Sea during sealing season. The importance of this work cannot be overestimated. It alone, if nothing else, warrants the maintenance of the revenue-cutter service. As a rule, vessels assigned to the patrol are taken off stations on the California and Oregon coasts, and the stations left unguarded are combined with those still having cutters on them.

In making a cruise to Bering Sea the revenue-cutters run as far as 3000 miles from San Francisco, and remain up north until well into the fall. During the present year the revenue-cutters *Rush* and *Corwin*, commanded respectively by Captains W. C. Coulson and C. B. Hooper, are on duty, leaving their two stations on the Pacific coast to the charge of the *Wolcott*, under Captain Tozier. The work in Bering Sea has been particularly active this year, and twice the *Rush* has had to fire shell from one of her breech-loading rifles in the bow on fast-sailing sealers. In each case the *Rush* succeeded in compelling the runaways to "heave to."

The demand for active cruising work in the north has made it necessary for the Treasury Department to call for more vessels, and during the coming session of Congress an appropriation will be asked for a large cruising cutter for duty in Bering Sea, the vessel to be of about 500 tons displacement, to be under 200 feet in length, have a speed of 16 knots, be efficiently batteried, and carry a crew forward of 50 men. Such a vessel will do away with the necessity of draining the naval fleets in order to assist the revenue-cutters. There is also needed a vessel for the Columbia River station, making it possible for one of the vessels now on the coast to take station at San Diego, and patrol Lower California. Had a revenue-cutter been allowed the lower part of that State, the Chilian vessel *Itata* would never have made her escape. The expense of the chase by the *Charleston* would serve by one-half to build a new cutter.

In addition to the Bering Sea work, the revenue-cutter *Bear*, Captain M. A. Healy commanding, is each year sent into the Arctic Ocean, with orders to cruise in the ice, assist distressed whalers, and take on board crews of ships no longer tenable. The *Bear* was originally one of the three Greely relief ships. She was turned over to the revenue marine by the Navy Department. She is especially adapted on account of her construction for the work she is now performing. Both the Bering Sea cutters and the *Bear* usually reach San Francisco by the last of October of each year.

During the past year the presence of numerous wrecks along the Atlantic coast of the United States was a source of such constant danger to coasting vessels as to make it

(*Continued on page 35.*)

THE END OF THE STORY.

It was the end of the story.
The dream was over and done,
As the fairy mists of morning
Fade in the flaming sun.

It was only the old delusion
That speeds so fast to its end:
She dreamed of him as a lover,
He thought of her as a friend.

And the long hand-clasp at parting,
The soft caress and the sigh?
To her it had meant, "I love you";
To him it had said, "Good by!"

And that is why the spring-times
Have found her growing gray,
With lips where his kiss still lingers—
Pure lips, that have learned to pray—

While the gentle heart still echoes
The tones she will hear no more,
And the wistful eyes see visions
That will dawn on the other shore.

Florence E. Pratt.

ONE OF THE MISSING.

BY GEORGE I. PUTNAM.

A man was walking along the highway that belted with white the green expanse of a Connecticut meadow. Little puffs of white dust rose at each footfall, and hung behind him in a lengthening wall. He came heavily, slowly, the impersonation of weariness, yet steadily. There was that in his gait which associates itself in the mind with bodies of men in column. He seemed the material part of an invisible whole. His gaze was fixed ahead, as though on the back of a front-rank file, and the momentum of marching comrades swept him along.

Yet the meadow farmers and the dwellers in the village, whose church steeple rose beyond a fringe of trees, distinguished him only as one of that irregular army of foragers against whom, as reputable citizens, they were arrayed. They would have given no attention to such fine individual distinctions even had their critical quality been educated to it, and it was not. Thirty years had gone by since they had been enlivened by the presence of the military; and then it had been for but a few days, and their materialized patriotism marched away in blue to the Southern war. No. Tramps were inimical to good order and to safety of life and property. And to be in very bad odor in the village, a stranger had but to present himself travel-stained and tattered.

He marched up the road in that unseen column, a man of defeats. Sometimes he leaned so far forward that his balance became uncertain, and he wavered to the plumb. Men at work afield leaned on their hoes as he passed, to regard him with hostile eyes. With some his unsteadiness was the occasion for derisive mirth. But the elder ones grimly forecast his detention in the calaboose, the cost of his maintenance, the tax it brought upon them, and resumed work with a fierce sense of personal injury. And the tramp, after each wearied lapse, compelled himself to attention, and marched on.

White, snug farm-houses stood now and then along the road. As he came abreast of one, a woman appeared at the door, but seeing him, she hastily re-entered and fastened the door. The tramping man turned into the door-yard, but he halted as the woman appeared at a chamber window, fluttering her arms as though scaring chickens. She called to him, nervously, apprehensively:

"Go right away. I've got nothing for you."

At once he turned and took up his line of march along the dusty road. The woman observed the heavy mechanical way in which he put his legs successively forward, his arms hanging like sticks of wood at his sides, and felt pity for him.

"I'm almost sorry I sent him away," she said. But she did not call him back, and he passed out of her sight, leaving, however, the cadence of his monotonous, sing-song step, to which her mind set itself for the rest of that day.

In another house, as he approached, a girl was singing shrilly a Sunday-school song:

"But sweeter than the lily's breath,
And than the rose more fair,
The tender love of human hearts
Upspringing everywhere."

Then the song broke off, and the singer called, warningly, "Mother, there's a tramp coming up the road!"

And the voice of the mother came sharply out to him, "See if the front door's locked."

He plodded past, watched furtively from behind window-blinds. He swung along painfully, for his joints were merely worn-out, rusty hinges by which his limbs hung. The hot sun sweltered him; the fine dust choked him; his heart was gone out of him. Still he went on, like a tired soldier expecting the welcome "Halt! Rest!" until he reached a tree by the road-side. On the grass beneath he stretched himself, and lay motionless.

Slowly his fatigue lessened. By-and-by he sat up. The dust of the march had settled thickly in the deep lines and wrinkles of his face, and gave it a drawn, sharpened look. His mouth was firmly set, and his dim eyes looked out resentfully at the bright world. He felt the utter friendlessness of a lonely man, and he talked to himself:

"Rum, rape, and robbery—the three R's. They think me capable of all," said he, bitterly. "It's not what I have been, it's what I am—a tramp—they judge me by. A war record don't count, nor three more enlistments, nor knocking about in the mines. I'm a tramp. . . .

"Thirty years ago, when we marched out of this town, there were cheers and wavings. There's wavings enough now, and they mean 'go,' same as then. Only there's a curse with it now, instead of a cheer. . . ."

He pulled a square of hard bread from his pocket, moistened it in the runlet at the foot of the tree, and bit it savagely. He heard a door at the next farm-house shut, and knew a woman had come out towards him. He expected a sharp order to move on. She had nearly reached him, when he looked up and saw that she held a cup in her hand, extended towards him.

"Would you like this milk?" said she.

He put his hand out slowly, and with the cautious alertness of a dog that covets a proffered bone, but doubts the sincerity of the offer. Then his hand closed on the cup and he drained it. His eyes were on the woman's face, expressing wonder, incredulity, astonishment. He had had so little use for the sense of gratitude that he hardly recognized and expressed it; but at last he said, "Thank you."

She was a large, strong farm-wife, and as she took the cup she smiled at his satisfaction. "It's more filling than water," said she. "I saw you here, and that you was not one of the begging kind, so I outs to you."

"I stopped at one house down here," he replied, "but not to beg. I don't beg. I wanted to ask a question. The second house," he added, tentatively.

"Oh yes. The old Ames place. I guess you didn't stop long. If Hiram Ames had been alive there, he'd have kept you a week. But he's dead." She talked on garrulously, pleased to have a new listener. She did not know many people. "Why, you're sick!" she said, suddenly.

But the tramp shook his head.

"A little tired, that's all, and disappointed. I've come a good ways to see Hiram Ames. I could have told him something about his brother."

"What, Jed? He went to the war, and was missing after one of those battles. They gave up all hopes of him, and now there's a beautiful monument to him in the burying-ground, right beside of Hiram's. You don't mean to tell me he isn't dead?"

"He is as good as dead," said the tramp, rising.

He thanked the woman again, and made her a half-military salute. Then he moved on, in a rising cloud of dust, till in the distance his figure appeared vaguely large and multiplied. And the old wife, shading her eyes and looking after him, cried,

"I declare if it don't seem like a lot of men, all keeping step together!"

In the heart of the village a large, official-looking man roughly took the tramp by the shoulder, and said, "Here, you come with me."

"I've done nothing," he protested.

"And you won't have a chance to-day. I'll put a lock on you for to-night, and to-morrow you leave town."

He thrust the tramp into the naked calaboose, turned the key, and left him there. The tramp went to the single window and looked out. He saw roofs and places that memory made familiar. The spire of the church steeple rose tapering, and through the trees he caught glimpses of white marbles in the burial-place. There lay the man he had tramped far to see. His mind reverted to the kindly old woman who had gossiped to him, and then to the graves again.

That monument to the missing soldier, now. Could he see it? That tall one, perhaps—no, it was too pretentious. The epitaph of a private of the line would be lost on it. . . . It would be curious reading, that epitaph. Something like this: "Jeduthun Ames. Born 1840. A soldier. Missing after Shiloh." There could be nothing more. . . .

He could have told a longer story had Hiram lived. He could have told it in the glance of an eye. Then he could have spoken of wounds, hospital, Western service. It was not worth while now.

The past seemed insignificant to this tramp. The years of his wandering were but a point of time, and the present day never-ending. His mind dwelt upon it—how, with the sun, he had entered upon familiar scenes and knew that his journey's end was reached. That sunrise was far in the past now, and the day was eternity.

By-and-by he lay down on the floor. The sun had set, and a rain commenced. It made the air damp and chilly, and the tramp shivered. He rose restlessly, and returned to the window, but the outside was lost in blackness. From time to time jagged lightning tore the clouds apart, and through the rents the torrents poured.

He stood there and muttered something to himself—it may have been a prayer—after which he swallowed the contents of a little vial. Then he lay down again. He moaned a little, and shivered as with cold. Presently he breathed heavily; he was asleep.

As it was rainy, the constable did not provide the tramp with supper; and the next morning he found him still lying on the floor.

"Come, get up!" cried the constable, and with his foot he turned the tramp over to awaken him. With superstitious terror he then saw the man was dead.

Afterwards they interred the body of the tramp in the Ames burial lot, and cut the date of his death on the monument of the missing soldier.

THE MASTERY OF LOVE.

Love was a stranger.
Without lock or key
He unlocked my bosom
And took my heart from me.
Now my heart is subject
Everywhere I go.
Be a gentle master, Love,
To one who loves you so.

In a few days and weeks,
In a few months or years,
Love brought me sorrow,
And the salt, salt tears.
Oh, Love, come with laughter,
Or, Love, come with woe,
Deal but gently with the heart
That leans upon you so.

The bee's wing is fragile,
The lark's egg is small,
That you took was little,
But it was my all.
Bear the captive where you will,
To high estate or low,
But be a gentle master, Love,
To one who loves you so.

Dora Read Goodale.

MR. CHILDS'S GIFT TO THE DREXEL INSTITUTE.

Mr. George W. Childs, the proprietor of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, has given the whole of his very valuable collection of manuscripts to the Drexel Institute, which was told about in the last issue of the Weekly. This collection is unquestionably the most complete and valuable of its kind in America, and is richer in English literary curios and memorials than any collection save that of the British Museum, and in some regards it even surpasses that one. Among the most valuable manuscripts of the collection are the following:

James Russell Lowell's poem Under the Willows. Nathaniel Hawthorne's The Scarlet Letter. Nathaniel Hawthorne's Consular Experiences. Charles Dickens's Our Mutual Friend. This is complete in two volumes, quarto. Also Dickens's first outline sketch of the plot of the novel. Thackeray's Lecture on George the Third; the manuscript from which he read while giving his lecture on the Four Georges in the United States. This volume also contains some colored drawings by Thackeray, which I believe to be the only colored drawings by him in existence. Major André's The Cow Chase. Sir Walter Scott's Chronicles of the Canongate. Complete. Letters of the Presidents of the United States, from Washington to Harrison. Folio. A considerable number of these letters are of special interest; that of Lincoln is the most important, written by him while President. Bulwer's Pilgrims of the Rhine. Complete. Charles Lamb's Essay of Elia on Witches and Other Night Fears. Original manuscript of President Grant's address at the opening of the Centennial Exhibition, May 10, 1876; written while at Mr. Childs's house. Harriet Martineau's Retrospect of Western Travel. Complete; four volumes; quarto. Mary Cowden Clarke's Shakespeare Concordance. Works of Thomas Gray, the English poet, with numerous original manuscripts inserted. Two volumes; quarto. Tom Hood's Comic Annual for 1842, with an original poem inserted. Fredrika Bremer's novel of Hertha. Advice of William Penn to his children, relating to their civil and religious conduct, with a long and important letter from Penn inserted. William C. Bryant's translation of Book First of the Iliad. N. P. Willis's The Need of Two Loves. Mementos of Dean Stanley. A number of interesting letters to Mr. Childs by the Dean, and other letters relating to Stanley. Fenimore Cooper's Life of Somers. The account-books of Andrew Johnson while he was a tailor. Edgar Allan Poe's Murders in the Rue Morgue. Wilkie Collins's Life of William Collins, his father. This volume is also a fine example of modern binding. Autograph sermon by the Rev. Cotton Mather, July 5, 1703. Tom Moore's family Bible, containing the registry of the birth of his children. Halleck's poems, with presentation inscription to Charles Dickens. Leigh Hunt's poetical works, with presentation inscription to Charles Dickens. The famous miniature edition of Dante's Divine Comedy; the complete poem in a volume measuring less than two by two and one-half inches. Milton's Paradise Lost translated into Armenian.

This is unquestionably a most valuable nucleus for the making in time of a great museum.

HER DESIGNING SISTER.

BY MARIE FRANCES UPTON.

"I'm utterly discouraged about Pet, Mrs. Parkhurst. She says she's engaged again." And Eloise Murray gave her little round foot-rest a push that sent it spinning across the music-room.

"Is *that* the way you feel, my dear?"

Mrs. Parkhurst laughed—a good-natured fat person's jolly laugh. She was Miss Murray's intimate friend. She sent her two sons and half-grown daughter to Miss Eloise for vocal and piano instruction, and further benefited her friend whenever possible by her immediate presence and advice. If Miss Eloise had not been near thirty, and Mrs. Parkhurst had been seventeen, they would have been called chums.

"Feel?" Miss Murray demanded. "Why shouldn't I feel so? You don't know Pet Murray as I do, or you'd know why I feel so."

"Now, my dear," Mrs. Parkhurst essayed, comfortingly, "Rob isn't a bad fellow, and his people are nice."

"It isn't that," Miss Murray interposed. "It's this: Pet's always getting engaged. That child has been engaged to some one or other ever since she was in pinafores. Mamma managed her as long as she could, and now I've taken her in hand. She says 'yes,' just to be obliging, to every dry-goods clerk of a snip who gets a chance to ask her." Miss Murray walked up and down.

Her pretty eighteen-year-old sister was at that moment out sleighing with the last youth to whom she had been obliging. They had become engaged the night before, and Pet had given her sister an idea of their consuming passion over the toast and coffee that morning.

"Well, maybe this is the final engagement for Pet," Mrs. Parkhurst said. "She will likely marry some one in the end, and then the other affairs will do to laugh over."

"Indeed Pet is not going to be married short of twenty-five if I can help it," Miss Murray said; "and I think I can. She won't have sense enough to be married before that, and she shall have sense if I can manage it." And Miss Murray looked energetic enough to instil that variant quality into a veritable cabbage head if energy could accomplish anything.

Not that Miss Pet's nonsensical curly head was to be compared with a cabbage head, however.

"You don't suppose, do you," Miss Murray went on, "that I sent for Pet to come here because I needed her to help me teach? Not for a moment. I simply wanted to get her away from one of her idiotic engagements, and I did so most successfully. She hadn't been here a month before she was telling me that she didn't think, after all, that she and Charles were suited to each other."

Mrs. Parkhurst was laughing, tears in her eyes, at Miss Murray's heroics, but she held up both hands.

"One wouldn't think marriages were made in heaven, Eloise," she said, "to hear you go on, or else you are a most presumptuous young woman to meddle so with celestial affairs."

"Celestial fiddle-sticks! Mrs. Parkhurst, you know as well as I do that marriages in six cases out of a dozen are a mistake and a calamity."

"Hear her!" Mrs. Parkhurst apostrophized the bookcase.

"And I'm going to put off the evil day of Pet's calamity as long as I possibly can," Miss Murray went on. "But what's making me simply wild is the way the child takes herself so seriously. You can't laugh at her; she would consider it next to profanity, and she has a lot of May Agnes Fleming ideas about sacred emotions and the language of the heart that make me writhe."

"One wouldn't think you had ever been engaged, Eloise," Mrs. Parkhurst said, with reminiscent mirth.

"Well, I have; and as mamma says about dancing, I've seen the folly of it. But there it is; mamma no sooner had the words out of her mouth than Pet insisted, 'I want to see the folly of it too.'"

Miss Murray and her sister were at breakfast in the little parlor back of the music-room. The morning was clear and sunny, and the frost was fast disappearing from the window-panes.

"Are you going to have time to drive with us to the Forest Farm to-day, Eloise?" Pet asked, as she buttered a muffin. "We are going for ornamental twigs to decorate the church with. Rob's coming for me at three."

"No; I have the little Sampson girls at three," Eloise said; "and you'll have to hurry to be back in time for your boys' class, if you go driving, at three."

"Can't be helped, Sissy," Pet declared, seriously. "Come to think of it, couldn't you teach those little ragamuffins again for me? I don't believe we'll be back by four."

"Hadn't you better call them my ragamuffins, Pet?" Eloise suggested. "Strikes me they have been mine in all but name so far."

"Well, I know it, you old dear," Pet frankly observed, her audacious baby face in her hands, her elbows on the table; "but I have so many engagements, and you don't mind teaching for me, you know."

"No, I don't mind," Eloise answered; "but doesn't it rather defeat the supposed object of your coming here to have me do all your teaching?"

"Now don't lecture, sissy;" and Miss Pet arose, tipped over her chair, and twirled nimbly to where her sister sat. She brushed Miss Murray's curls the wrong way, twisted a napkin around her neck, then gave her a final thump on the shoulder as an earnest of her intentional good-fellowship.

"See here, Pet," her sister demanded, pushing away from the table, "I want to talk to you a bit."

"Don't want to be talked to," Pet wailed from the piano, where she was by this time sounding forth "The Lorelei" from a chance sheet on the music rack.

"But you must," Miss Murray said, with such decision that Pet whirled on her stool, folded her hands, and drew down the corners of her rosy mouth in token of submission. "When did you tell me you and Rob are"—with a moment's hesitation—"to be married?"

"Oh, impossible to say that. We don't

know yet. Some time when there isn't anything else to do. I think it's quite sufficient to be engaged for the present."

"Oh, I understand," Miss Murray said, with all the gravity so serious a subject could demand.

"Eloise Murray, are you poking fun?" Pet demanded, looking doubtfully at her sister.

"Not for a minute," Eloise answered. "But I was thinking that if you would postpone your other interests a trifle, I should like to send you to Chicago to study a year before you are married." And Miss Murray awaited Pet's answer with a feeling of conscious rectitude that far outweighed any designing she may have cherished in her heart.

Pet was round-eyed and serious for a minute. Here was her oft-expressed heart's desire laid at her feet. "Oh, you dear old sissy!" she said. "But you need me to help you teach—and you can't afford it—and—"

"I've concluded not to let those considerations stand in your way, since you will have only a little time left for studying," Miss Murray answered.

Before the week was out it was arranged that Miss Eloise was to assume, as she had in the past, all the duties of instruction in their little Western town, and that Miss Pet was to study a year in the Chicago conservatory. It was also arranged that Mr. Rob Bowen was to write to Pet every day in the week, and that Pet should answer fully as often.

Pet staid at the conservatory a year, and as she was really a bright girl with a sweet voice her musical progress was most satisfactory. Her letters to her sister were full of enthusiasm over her instructors, her concerts, and of Rob. But as the year waned Miss Eloise fancied that the enthusiasm about that young lover waned with it.

But Miss Murray was a person of tact, and she made no unnecessary comment to Pet about her love-affair.

At the end of the year Pet accepted a position as soprano of a new church in a Colorado mining town, where they had an old acquaintance. Eloise hoped the independent experience would benefit her sister. A further reason may have been that she thought it just as well Pet and Rob should not waste too much time renewing old associations.

"This mining town is just too lovely," Pet wrote to her sister. "Everybody comes to hear me sing, and mysterious, unknown people send me mysterious unexplained gifts and tokens. My head is quite turned with admiration, but it's so general and disguised that I can't place it. I don't know which particular miner in a blue flannel shirt or gambler in diamonds it is who sends me flowers every Sunday. And I don't know where my French candy comes from. And all I can be certain of is that when I sing, the applause comes from all of them."

"That is very good," Eloise said to herself. "So long as the admiration stays general, Pet is safe, and Mrs. Bain [Mrs. Bain was their old acquaintance] will not let the child suffer any annoyance."

Miss Murray laughed as she thought, "We don't hear any more of Rob."

But alas! for Miss Murray's peace of mind, a month had not gone before Pet wrote:

"DEAR ELOISE,—It *was* the gambler, and he's perfectly splendid. Mr. Bain knows about him. He isn't a real gambler—that is, he hasn't always been one. He prospected here and struck it awfully rich, then he went East and bought everything for all his people, and paid all their debts and mortgages, and bought millinery stores for all his old-maid relatives.

"Then he went to Europe, and saw every one who is famous, especially great singers; he adores music, and he asked Mr. Bain to ask me to sing Schubert's 'Serenade' (that's his favorite) at a concert one night, and I did.

"But he spent all his money—a million or so—in a year or so, and now he's back here and is discouraged, and gambles, and sends me flowers. When I gave that sacred concert last week he asked Mr. Bain for twenty-five dollars' worth of tickets, and sold every one of them. He said I was a nice little girl, and he liked my grit.

"I'm so sorry for him. I'm going to try to reclaim him. He told Mr. Bain that I remind him of home.

"You don't know how splendid it is to feel that you are doing good to some one.

"As ever, yours, PET."

"Great heavens!" Miss Murray said, with Western fervor. "Doing good indeed! That child will be engaged to that wretched gambler in less than a month—to reclaim him—if she isn't stopped. Doing good!" and Miss Murray stamped her little foot.

Then she wrote immediately a long letter of appeal to Mrs. Bain. In it she wrote very plainly about Pet's sentimentalism, and urged her friend to hedge the silly child about and keep her out of romantic foolishness.

But another letter from Pet showed her that there was no real menace in the affair of the gambler. It read:

"DEAREST ELOISE,—I wish you could see these mountains. They are so high that nothing grows except a few scraggly pines, and they are always covered with snow. In the mornings and evenings there are the most glorious colors on the peaks, red and blue and orange, all streaked and clouded.

"One day last week we drove almost to the summit—Mr. and Mrs. Bain, and a young man who is superintendent in one of the mines. His name is Bennett, and his father owns the mine. Mr. Bennett is from Yale, and he sings tenor beautifully. We sang duets—college songs—going up the slope, and the others said it was lovely.

"Mrs. Bain asked Mr. Bennett to go. She says he is one of the few young men here one can consent to know. She made Mr. Bain put a stop to the flowers. I'm sorry we found out who sent them. It was so romantic, and of course I couldn't refuse them as long as I didn't know how they came.

"Mr. Bennett may take the tenor in our choir. It would be lovely, for our voices chord beautifully.

"Could you send me a box of tan gloves, No. 5¾, undressed kid? Bye. PET.

"P.S.—Mr. Bennett's first name is Paul. He asked, when we were on the mountain, if he might call me Miss Pet. Do you think it would be any harm?

"Don't forget the gloves. P."

Then a later letter contained still more interesting bits of personal history:

"DEAR ELAINE,—If you weren't just the loveliest sister and not a bit old-maidish, I'd never write you this letter. You see, I'm awfully happy. Mr. Bennett has called quite often of late. He is the tenor now, and takes me to choir practice. Mrs. Bain thought it perfectly proper, and it saves Mr. Bain traipsing out to fetch me.

"Last night Mr. Bennett said, as we were coming home, that it would make him awfully happy if I'd let him call me Pet without the Miss. So I said that if it would really make him happy, he might. It was just at the door, and he grabbed me right into his arms and kissed me before I could explain. I didn't mean that he was to mean anything special, but he said it wouldn't be worth calling me so if it didn't mean anything special. Then he talked so lovely, and told me about his mother, and now we are engaged. That is, if you don't mind.

"Mrs. Bain said it mustn't be called an engagement till we heard from you, but she has a very high regard for Mr. Bennett. Don't you think Paul is a pretty name?

"Now, you dear old sissy, you wouldn't mind, I know, if you knew how nice and handsome Paul is. His eyes are blue.

"Bye. PET."

"Alas for the inevitable!" sighed Miss Murray, as she laid the letter down. "Another Charles-Rob-gambler affair."

But she wrote to Pet that she had only a wish for her happiness. But just at present she wanted Pet to listen to a plan that she had cherished for some time. It was that Pet should spend the following season with her in foreign travel. She thought it inadvisable that a young girl should be married with absolutely no knowledge of the world. She wanted to start in a few weeks, and wrote careful directions to Pet about the journey. They would meet, she said, in Chicago, and Pet was to answer by telegraph.

It was her last card; but Pet telegraphed, "Yes."

Pet awaited her sister, according to their arrangement, in the hotel drawing-room on Wednesday of the following week. When Miss Murray arrived, the pretty girl rushed toward her with outstretched arms, ignoring all the other people in the room.

"You're just lovely, Eloise," Pet warmly announced. "Paul said—I had to tell him, you know, about that silly Charles and Rob—that you were a lovely sister, but he's afraid you are a designing person—and—here he is." She produced from somewhere in the room a tall young man with a frank sort of face, and a laugh in his eyes. "He's going with us to Europe," she said. "We were married this morning."

THE UNITED STATES REVENUE MARINE SERVICE.

(*Continued from page 33.*)

imperative that these wrecks should be destroyed. Owing to the fact that none of the revenue cutters were at the time fitted with the proper appliances for blowing up these derelicts, the duty was in consequence assigned to the United States steamer *Yantic*. The *Yantic* found several wrecks off the New Jersey coast, and again off the Carolina coasts. In every instance the spars of the submerged vessels were partly in sight, and by means of a torpedo sunk to the deck of the wreck by being attached to a hoop travelling down the mast, not only were the spars torn out of the partners, but the decks completely ripped open. The firing of the torpedo was effected by wire connection with a small boat, a little hand-battery in the boat generating sufficient electricity to cause combustion.

Inasmuch as the North Atlantic coast has constantly some wrecks in its vicinity, the advisability of fitting out all revenue-cutters with the necessary destructive appliances has been under consideration by the Treasury Department. The duty properly belongs to the revenue-cutters, and in view of the fact that all such special work drains on the already numerous duties of the navy, it is not unlikely that the Atlantic coast revenue-cutters will be provided shortly with the means of keeping the tracks of commerce along their respective stations clear of obstructions.

Few vessels of the United States revenue marine have a better record than the *Woodbury*. The *Woodbury* is a full, brig-rigged screw-steamer of about 400 tons displacement. Her battery consists of four breech-loading 3-inch rifles, and her complement 40 officers and men. The station of the *Woodbury* embraces the coast of Maine lying between Portland and Eastport. In the summer months a more delightful cruising-ground could with difficulty be found, but in winter the ice-bound coast, the heavy storms, and attending "lee shore" make the Maine station one of the most trying in the service.

The work of the *Woodbury* really begins in the commencement of winter. Innumerable small craft, unable to make an offing during a blow, are lost among the rocks, or imprisoned by the score in some little cove by reason of the ice. The *Woodbury* is constantly on the go at such times, and is either to be found tearing open a channel into some beleaguered port, or tugging away at a poor merchant craft hard aground or hanging on a ledge. During the winter months the *Woodbury's* officers and men are usually seen muffled up in great fur-coats and mittens, or equally warm woollen great-coats. It is a hard life cruising on the *Woodbury*, but it is duty, and so must be done. To the everlasting credit of the officers of the revenue marine, let it be said that not only in the *Woodbury*, but wherever stationed, they have always been found ready at the first call to respond to a cry for assistance.

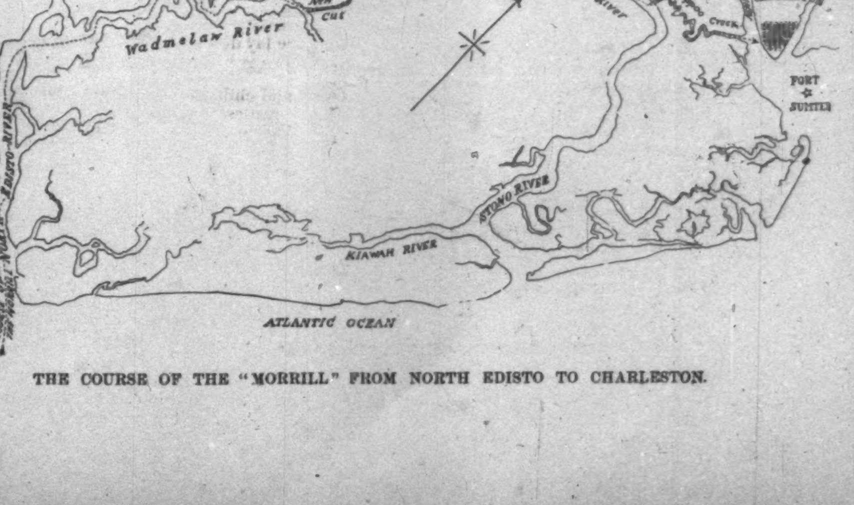
On a cold, clear day during the month of January, 1891, the *Woodbury* was cruising to the eastward, the thermometer well below zero, and the rigging covered with ice. The vessel was about half way over her ground, when a large three-masted schooner was observed to be hard on a ledge of rocks which stood well out from the shore. The sea was running high at the time, though the sturdy *Woodbury* was rising and falling to every wave with apparent unconcern. It could be seen that the sea was making a clean break over the schooner, and that the crew had reached the rocks, and were waving frantically for help. It was further evident that unless help could reach them soon, they must perish from cold alone. Captain Fengar, commanding the *Woodbury*, ran in as close as consistent with safety, and carefully surveyed the ground before giving an order. His practised eye told him in a moment that to send a boat in of the cutter type would mean its certain destruction against the rocks, furthermore he had his doubts if it could live in the sea then running. But Captain Fengar suddenly recalled that a fisherman's village was not many miles distant, and that there he could obtain a couple of excellent dories, just the thing for such a sea. Sending a cheer from her crew across the howling waves to the men on the rocks, and a wave from the officers to hold on, the *Woodbury* headed about, and went plunging and rolling along at top speed in the direction of the village. Not many hours elapsed before she was again on the scene, and with a good-sized dory in one of the davits.

Closing in on the scene of the wreck, Captain Fengar called for volunteers. Almost to a man the crew responded, but among the foremost were two revenue-marine cadets, J. H. Scott and W. S. Van Cott. Captain Fengar allowed the two young gentlemen to go, but not without some misgiving. Both insisted on pulling oars, the dory being in charge of Lieutenant W. S. Howland, an experienced and able officer. As the dory left the ship it was observed that a life-boat's crew from a station well down the coast was approaching. It would never do to let the *Woodbury* be beaten, and her dory crew pulled with all the vim they could command. The race was to be a close one, but at the outset the *Woodbury's* boat gained the lead, and such a race, in such a sea, was never perhaps pulled by opposing boats. Lieutenant Howland, in getting close in, dared not run up too close to the rocks, and after a couple of ineffectual heaves of a line, was about to despair of success, when suddenly Cadet—now Lieutenant—Scott, securing the line around his waist, sprang overboard before any one in the boat knew what he was about. Shouting to Lieutenant Howland to pay the line out, young Scott was dashed up on the rocks and seized by the imprisoned sailors. The brave young fellow was badly stunned, but he had gained his point by getting the line to the rocks. Communication was now effected with the dory, which all this time was riding the seas at a respectful distance. Another line was hauled up from the boat, and one by one the sailors jumped clear of the rocks and were hauled into the dory. The life-boat did good service in assisting in transferring the wrecked men to the *Woodbury*. Cadet Scott was shortly afterwards commissioned a third lieutenant. He is still serving, on the *Hamilton;* the vessel's station embracing the horrors of Cape Hatteras.

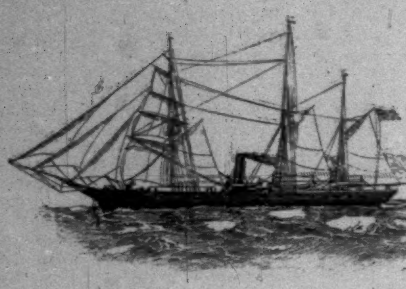
During the past five years the military resources of the revenue marine have been largely drawn upon, and particularly during the past two years, when the military operations of the service, commencing with the suppression of the Cedar Keys troubles in May, 1890, embrace since then the protection of American interests on the New Brunswick fisheries, the breaking up of extensive smuggling operations on Puget Sound, and the active patrol of Bering Sea. The scene of these operations, it will be observed, is in each case at some extreme point of the United States, the operations of the service being in no wise confined to any one locality.

The suppression of the Cedar Keys troubles in 1890 is still fresh in the minds of many readers, though the actual work of the blue-jackets during that period has only partly been understood. An anomalous condition of affairs arose in the early part of 1890, when one William Cottrell, Mayor of Cedar Keys, together with a band of adherents, undertook to bulldoze and control by force a large section of the west coast of Florida in and about Cedar Keys. It has been estimated that at least 20,000 people, the majority of whom were blacks, felt the effects of the terror which was inspired by this man. Cottrell was the youngest son of a former wealthy and influential Southern family, and although this family had lost much of its wealth since the war, the influence belonging to it seems to have been to a great extent retained. The acts of Cottrell, a dashing young fellow of about thirty-two, were to a great degree looked over, the position of his family being the real cause. The impunity, however, with which young Cottrell rode through the streets of Cedar Keys, shooting right and left, and his utter disregard of the rights of others, had a fascination for a large number of reckless Southern spirits of his own stamp, and it was not long before Cottrell became the leader of a powerful organization. The extent to which this man carried his practices may be better understood when it is known that up to May, 1890, he had hanging over him eighteen indictments, any one of which in the State of New York would have either hanged him or sent him to State-prison for life. Cottrell secured control of the city government of Cedar Keys, appointed to police offices his own henchmen, and settled down to a reign of terror. Women and children were soon unable to venture upon the streets. Business came to a stand-still, and men, paralyzed with fear, wondered where all this would end.

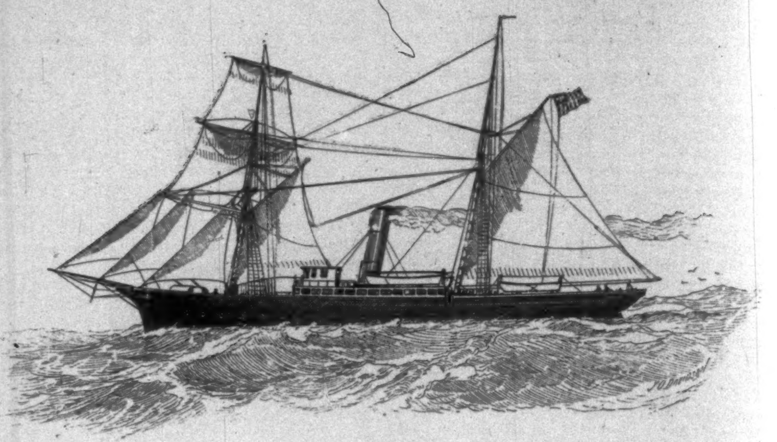
Cottrell and his adherents revelled in the condition of affairs. They made night hideous with their orgies; turned citizens out of bed, and compelled them to dance before their families under the muzzles of levelled revolvers. Women were insulted, and the sanctity of homes outraged. During the whole of the scenes daily being enacted on the streets of Cedar Keys, the flag of the United States flew over the custom-house. It was the one thing Cottrell feared, until finally its constant sight maddened himself and adherents into desperation. Worked up



THE COURSE OF THE "MORRILL" FROM NORTH EDISTO TO CHARLESTON.

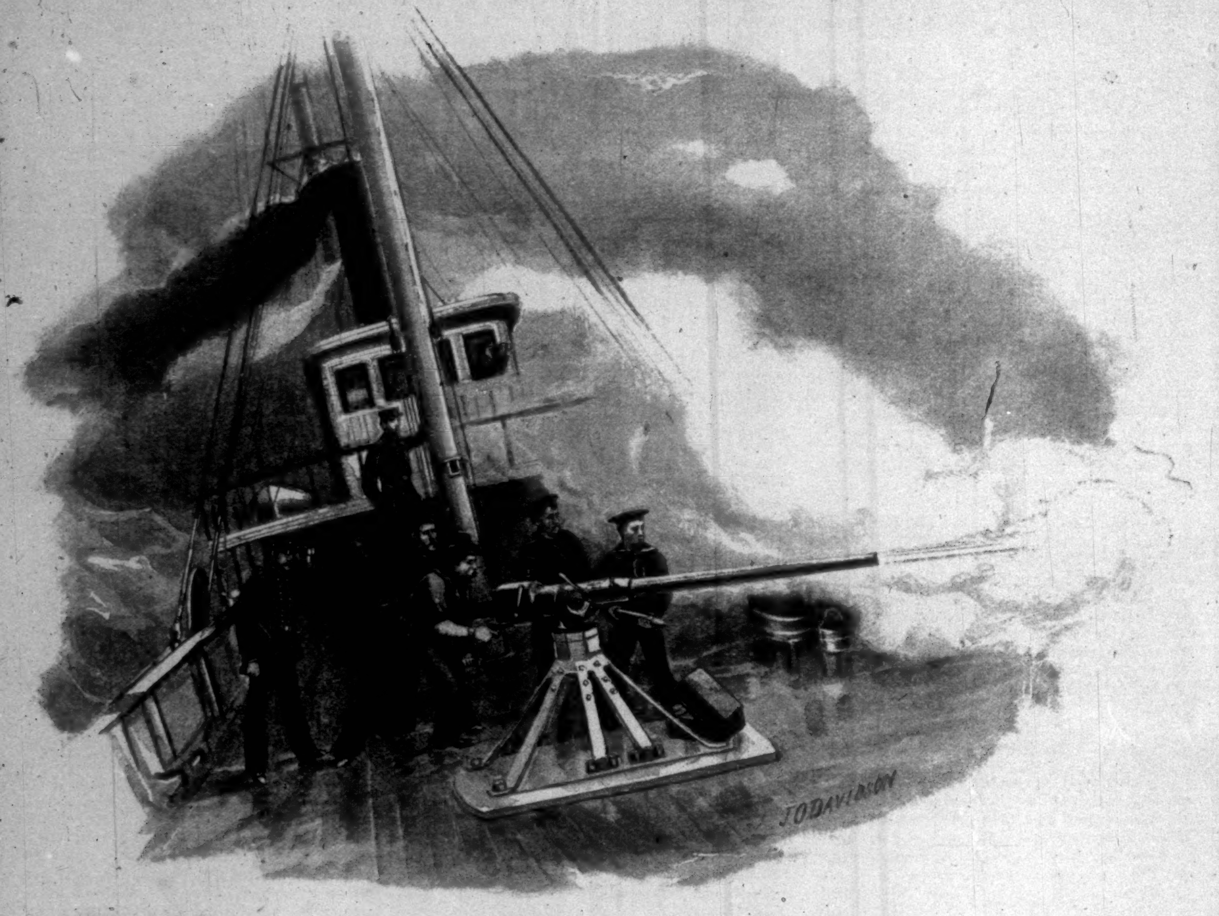


THE "BEAR."



U. S. REVENUE-CUTTER "RUSH."

to a sudden pitch of frenzy, they hauled down the flag, closed up the custom-house, and compelled the collector of customs and his deputies to barricade themselves in their houses for the protection of themselves. It was at this point that the climax was reached. Heretofore Cottrell had violated only the laws of the State; he was now defying the Federal laws. A few hours only elapsed after the hauling down of the flag before the news was known in Washington. In an instant the wires were flashing from the capital to every port on the coast of Florida. There was a United States vessel somewhere on the Florida coast, and Captain L. G. Shepard, the chief of the revenue marine, at that moment in consultation with the Secretary of the Treasury, was determined to reach her. It was the *McLane*, and it was further known in Washington that she had for her commander an officer ready for any undertaking. The work of the *McLane* is best told in the words of one of the officers of the now famous little vessel, and to whom fell due a very liberal share of the subsequent duty.

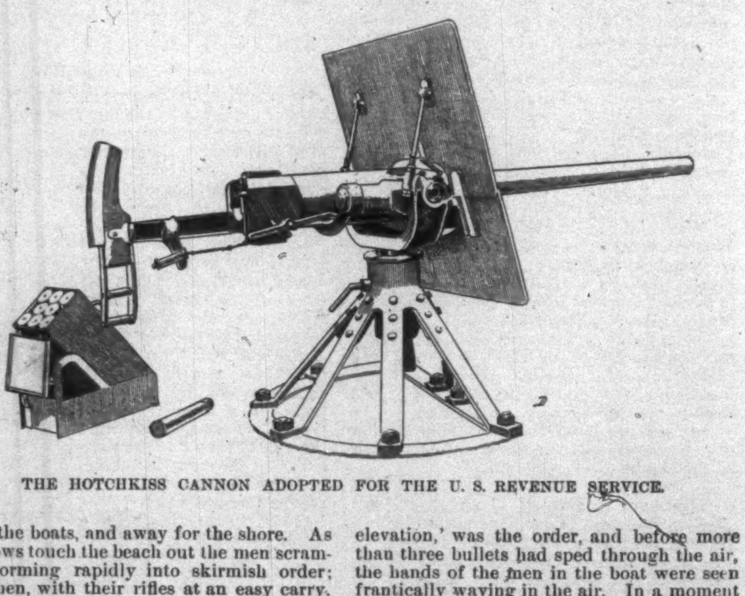


AN ORDER TO HEAVE TO.

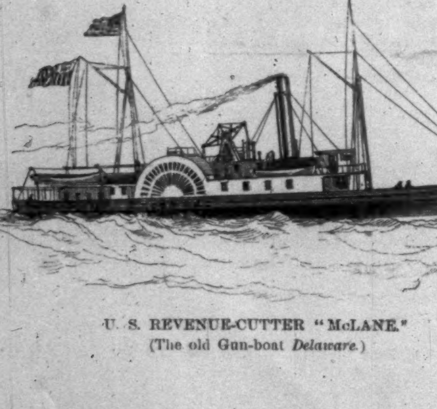
"We were cruising," he says, "up the west coast of Florida, our station embracing the Florida waters, and had leisurely run into Tampa Bay and up to Port Tampa. It was on the 16th of May, I believe, when a brother officer and myself secured leave from the ship for the day, and went up to Tampa, a pretty little place some nine miles inland. I remember we had not been in town more than an hour when, on picking up a newspaper, I was thunderstruck to see the big headings: 'A Reign of Terror in Cedar Keys!' 'The Town in the Hands of an Armed Body!' 'The United States Flag Hauled Down!' 'Citizens Barricaded in their Houses!' I was just seating myself for a cozy smoke with a friend at the time, but that cigar was never smoked in Tampa. Inside of three minutes my brother officer and I were aboard a down train, and in less than half an hour both of us tumbled over the *McLane's* side in anything but a dignified manner. It took only a few words to acquaint Captain Smyth of the facts, and that officer realized as well as his two youngsters that there was work ahead, and quick work too. No orders had yet been received from Washington. This was deemed of no consequence. There was a trouble on the *McLane's* station, and it was her duty to put it down. 'Get steam at once, sir,' was the word passed to the acting chief engineer. The *McLane* was short in her complement of officers at the time. The chief engineer was in hospital at Key West, and the first lieutenant on leave of absence. There were only two lieutenants in the wardroom (Myrick and Carden) and two engineer officers (Barrows and Butler). The crew, however, was in a first-class condition. Captain Smyth always demanded a well-drilled infantry division aboard his ship, and this time he had one. The blue-jackets forward were a fine set of young fellows, quite a number of them naval apprentices, and all ready for any hazardous undertaking.

"There was to be some fighting ahead, and the news went through the berth-deck like a flash. Down in the fire-room the stokers were rushing the steam up in a fashion Barrows declared had never been seen before on the old *McLane*. The anchor was up in a jiffy, and the way the old craft slipped along down Tampa Bay and out in the Gulf was a wonder to behold. Every one had been accustomed to cruise leisurely in the *McLane*, but this time the vessel was fairly quivering under the work of the engines. The firemen seemed determined to blow the boiler up, and, as if to hasten it, the men on deck were constantly crowding about the fire-room hatch shouting out words of encouragement. The afternoon of the 17th was well advanced when the *McLane* pushed her nose into Cedar Keys Harbor. Long before, though, the arms and well-filled cartridge belts of the infantry division had been gotten on deck. The men were dressed as seamen infantry, and were stalking about decks in an impatient mood. On the davits, all equipped, hung two cutters ready for instant lowering, and as the *McLane* slowed up off the town, her forward guns cleared away for use, down went the boats, and away for the shore. As the bows touch the beach out the men scramble, forming rapidly into skirmish order; and then, with their rifles at an easy carry, and four cartridges in every man's mouth for quick shooting, the order to advance rang out, and immediately the long blue line swept toward the town, down through the deserted streets, the seamen advancing on a dog-trot, their guns at a full cock, and every man waiting for the flash of some shot ahead. As the blue-jackets advanced, Cottrell and his band vanished on the run out of the farther end of the town. It was all done in a few minutes. The custom-house was opened, the collector released, and guards posted. The *McLane* swung herself into a convenient position for raking the streets, and took formal possession of the place. The work of the blue-jackets for that day had been done. They formed in close formation, and marched to the custom-house, the citizens, especially the negroes, cheering wildly. The poor blacks were unable to restrain themselves. 'Glory to God!' they shouted; 'the Yankee sogers is come! Glory hallelujah!' One poor old black woman, whose advancing years had not been sweetened by the daily scenes of Cottrell's reign, tottered to the door of her shanty as the sailors swung past, and raising her hands to heaven, fervently exclaimed: 'Praise de Lord! Massa Linkum's sogers is come at last! Glory! glory!' The expression of joy on the old woman's face is something I shall never forget.

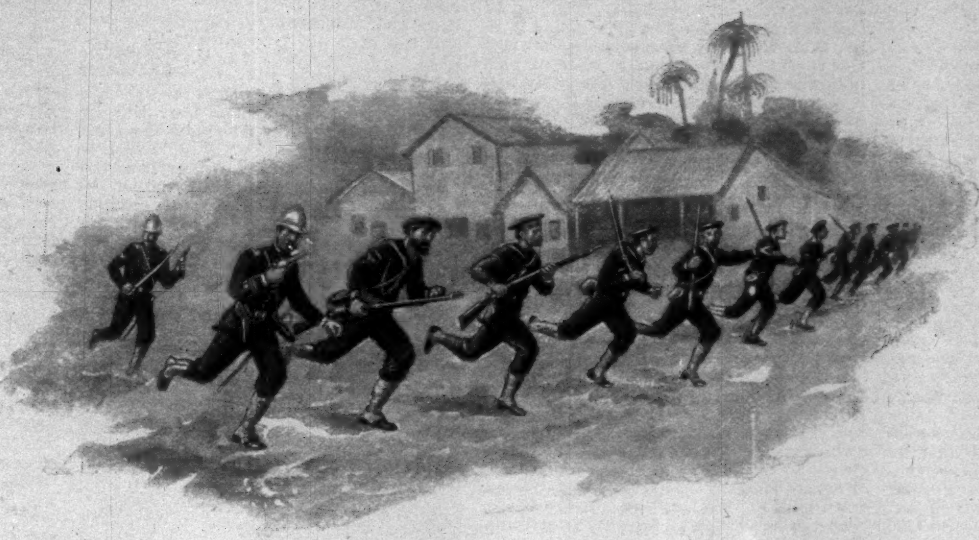
"At that time I doubt if it would have been possible to have found a finer body of seamen infantry in the United States service than the *McLane's*. They were great brawny fellows, and carried their pieces with a businesslike air, and as they strode along in magnificent unison, their bright cutlasses swinging at their sides, their ominous-looking cartridge belts bristling with bright cartridges, and their neat Springfields carried lightly at a right shoulder, they were enough to make an impression, and particularly so when, thrown out in open skirmish formation, they went through the streets like a whirl of wind. The first flash of a gun ahead would have caused the whole line to have opened. But Cottrell was discreet. He took to the swamps, and now commenced the real and hard work of the blue-jackets. From key to key, swamp to swamp, the blue-jackets moved, relentlessly following the trail, never giving the pursued opportunity to rest, and at the same time breaking up all attempts at ambush. On the very first day of the pursuit the advance suddenly emerged from the woods upon the top of a slight bluff, and there on the water below, some five hundred yards distant, and pulling in the direction of a neighboring key, was a boat filled with six men. In an instant a white puff shot forth from the rifle of the most advanced skirmisher. A second later and another and another broke out along the line. The command was coming forward, and towards the left, on the run, the seamen throwing themselves on their backs as they arrived at the front. The shots were falling short. 'Give them five hundred yards elevation,' was the order, and before more than three bullets had sped through the air, the hands of the men in the boat were seen frantically waving in the air. In a moment the firing ceased, the boat headed about, and its occupants secured. Hunted from position to position, his adherents all gone, Cot-



THE HOTCHKISS CANNON ADOPTED FOR THE U. S. REVENUE SERVICE.



U. S. REVENUE-CUTTER "McLANE."
(The old Gun-boat *Delaware*.)



CHASING COTTRELL'S BAND THROUGH CEDAR KEYS.

trell was finally compelled to take to the mainland, and in the fall of 1890 was shot by the Chief of Police of Montgomery, Alabama. The *McLane* remained guarding Cedar Keys for a full month. Captain Smyth saw a new city government established, aided the merchants and all classes of citizens in restoring tranquillity, and then one still evening slipped out of port as quietly and as unexpectedly as he had come in. The *McLane* paid several visits afterward to Cedar Keys, but always found quiet reigning. The citizens seemed to realize that the vessel was always to be heard from on the first sign of disorder, and though many restless spirits have undoubtedly since craved for the excitement of the Cottrell period, the knowledge that the *McLane* is on the coast serves as an effectual damper.

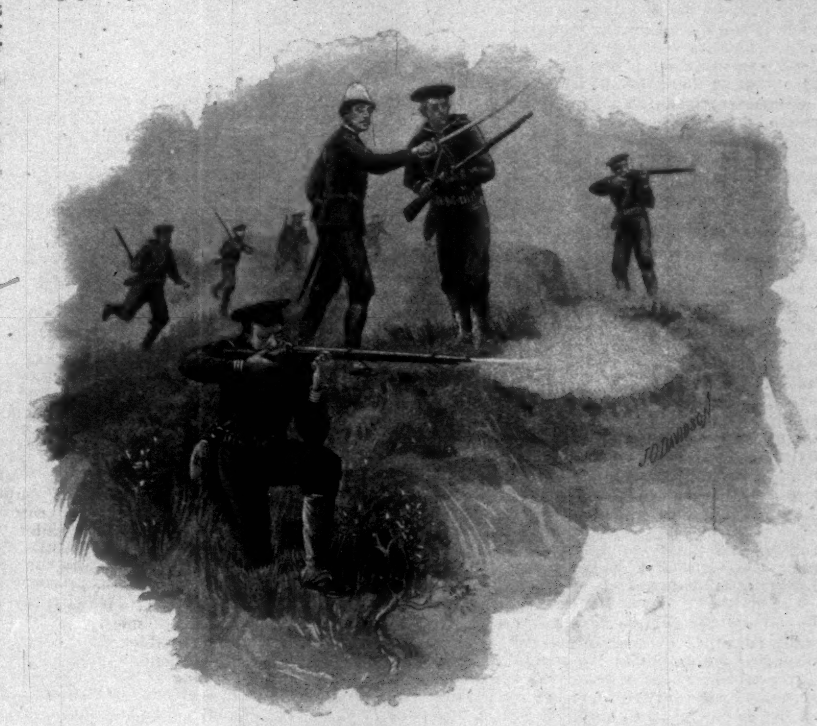
"As the trusty old vessel cruised over her station on leaving Cedar Keys, she found official telegrams in nearly every port of date of May 16th, directing her 'to proceed at once to Cedar Keys, and protect United States interests at all hazards.' A despatch was even found in Tampa, but it must have arrived after the *McLane* sailed. Captain Smyth had this time been too quick for the department, and with an intuitive knowledge born of experience knew what would be expected of him, and did it. The fact that he earned the gratitude of the Cedar Key section is in itself proof of the manner in which the duty was performed."

The Florida station, as it is known to officers of the United States revenue marine, furnishes, as a rule, more excitement and diversity than any other, with the possible exception of Bering Sea. The cruising-ground of the vessel assigned to the former station extends from Jupiter Inlet on the east coast of Florida to Cedar Keys on the west coast. It also includes all the waters of the Florida reefs and those of the Dry Tortugas. Owing to the proximity of southern Florida to the West Indies, and the natural advantages of the coast along the reefs, smugglers have long made it a favorite objective-point. Jamaica rum and various West India liquors have found their way into the United States in large quantities, and the great majority if not all of it that has escaped duty came by southern Florida through smuggling agencies.

Within recent years the smuggling in southern Florida has been reduced to a minimum, the assiduous cruising of the revenue-cutter having charge of this ground making it exceedingly hazardous; yet occasionally a bold craft ventures in making a run, and it was only a year ago that the *McLane* was so fortunate as to make an excellent haul. The cutter was standing over late one afternoon in the vicinity of Punta Rassa, on the southwest coast, when the spars of a vessel were observed in the distance above an intervening key. To one not familiar with the southern waters the mere sight of masts would simply have indicated the presence of a vessel and nothing more. The *McLane's* officers, however, smelled a very suspicious object in yonder vessel, and particularly from the fact that she was on that part of the coast. Running quickly in towards the key, and in such a way as to be unobserved until close at hand, the *McLane* suddenly rounded off to the mouth of the entrance, and dropped a cutter full of armed seamen under the command of Lieutenant Uberroth. A few minutes only sufficed for the cutter to pull alongside the stranger, which on a hasty glance at the stern was found to be the Spanish schooner *Ansonita*. The Spaniard's deck was full of red-capped Cubans and Mexicans, all armed with savage-looking knives, and shouting and jabbering to one another like so many monkeys. Without any ado, Lieutenant Uberroth and three or four good men swung themselves up over the *Ansonita's* side, and demanded to see the captain. The scowling Cubans at this made way for a big burly fellow, who had just ascended from the cabin, and was demanding, in gruff broken English, the cause of the visit.

FRANK VINCENT.—From a Photograph.

The only survivor of the crew of the whaler *Napoleon* of New Bedford; 35 days starving on the ice-fields. Rescued by the *Bear* in 1890, after living two years with the natives of Siberia.



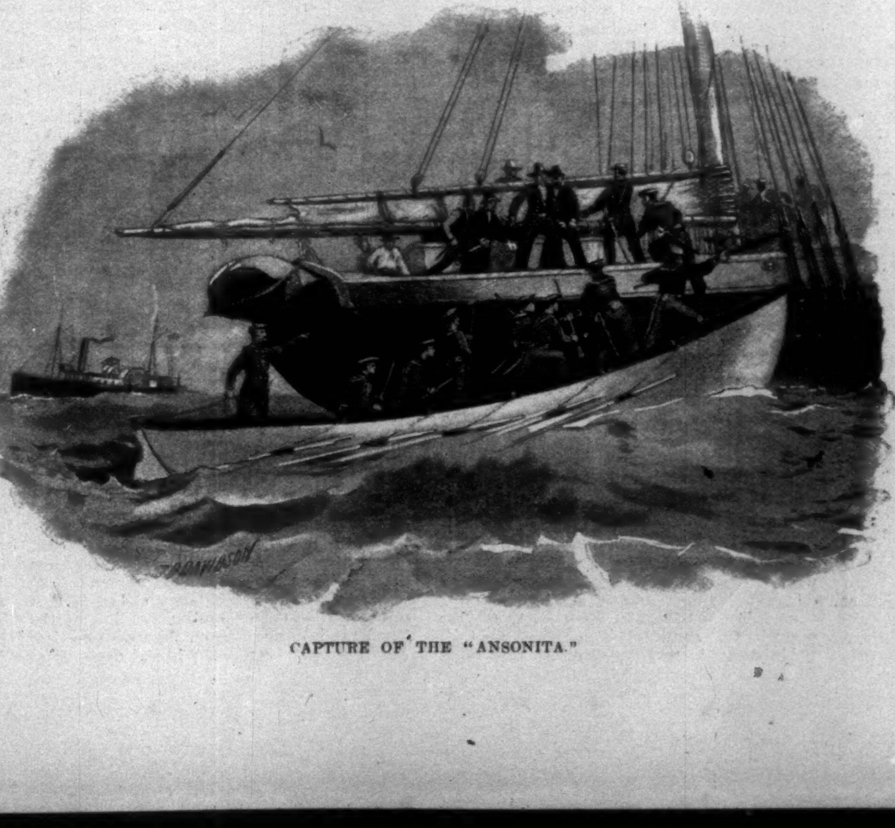
STOPPING THE BOAT FROM THE BLUFF.

"Your papers," was the quick rejoinder of the boarding officer.

There was at once evident a good deal of hesitancy, and it was apparent that the Spaniard recognized he was caught. No papers could be produced, and the boarding officer was about to return to the *McLane* with this information for his commanding officer, when a sudden movement among the *Ansonita's* crew showed that they meant fight. The *McLane's* blue-jackets were equal to the emergency, and covering every one on deck, the Spanish captain was tumbled into the cutter at the point of a revolver. Once aboard the *McLane*, he was kept there, and orders issued to Lieutenant Uberroth to pick a prize crew, and convey the captured craft to Key West. This meant a run of 120 miles. Returning to the *Ansonita*, the Cubans were quickly secured. A few though were put to work on the capstan bar, a blue-jacket standing by in the mean while with a cocked rifle, and the anchor was run apeak, the jib hoisted, and inside of ten minutes the *Ansonita* passed under the *McLane's* stern under jib and mainsail, the blue-jackets of the latter ship giving a good-by cheer to their comrades.

The *Ansonita* had cleared port but an hour when one of those ugly Southwest blows, so peculiar to the Gulf, suddenly sprang up. Here was a fix, indeed, for a young officer. It is bad enough to have a gale of wind on one's hands, but to have in addition a lot of prisoners, outnumbering the prize crew, was an uncomfortable thought. However, the prisoners not needed were secured to the pin rail around the mainmast, and two seamen on guard stood close at hand. A few of the prisoners were stationed about the decks to haul ropes, but always under guard. The *Ansonita*, on the first appearance of the gale, was quickly gotten under close reefs, and with a mere handful of the jib showing, and the last reef in the mainsail, with the foresail stowed, she continued throughout the night, despite the high sea and the water continually coming aboard, to log it off to the southward.

FRANK VINCENT.—From a Photograph.
Two weeks after his rescue.



CAPTURE OF THE "ANSONITA."

It was a trying night, but might have been worse with a less stanch craft. As daylight broke, the gale began rapidly to subside, the last reef in the mainsail was shaken out, then another, then some of the foresail gotten on her, until, when well on in the forenoon, the *Ansonita* appeared off Key West Harbor with only one reef in foresail and mainsail. That afternoon she was lying snugly alongside the government wharf, her prisoners in the hands of the United States marshal, and her prize crew sleeping as only tired and exhausted men can sleep. Twelve hours later the *McLane* followed into port, her commanding officer not having deemed it advisable to force the cutter against the gale which had sprung up.

As a feat in seamanship and a nice piece of work in navigation along a mean and ticklish portion of the coast, the affair of the *Ansonita* is one of which any young officer can justly feel proud. The vessel was finally disposed of in the United States courts, some technicality freeing not only the *Ansonita*, but her captain and crew.

ROYAL SPORTSMEN.

BY F. C. O.

LAST week his Royal Highness Prince Christian of Schleswig-Holstein, the husband of the third daughter of the Queen of England, narrowly escaped death at the hands of the Duke of Connaught, the Queen's third son. The Prince and the Duke and party of friends were shooting over the game preserves near Osborne Castle. The Prince was slightly in advance, when the Duke raised his gun and fired at a pheasant. To his dismay, Prince Christian uttered a cry of pain, and it was discovered that three of the shot from the Duke's gun had entered his face, one of them piercing the right eye, which had later to be amputated. When one considers how much time is devoted to sport of this kind by the royal huntsmen of Europe, it seems almost remarkable that as serious accidents as this on the field are not more frequent.

For it is among the crowned heads and princes of the blood in the Old World that St. Hubert finds his most fervent devotees, and nowhere is his cult followed with greater pomp, ceremoniousness, and I might almost add religious sentiment, than at the various courts of Europe. With the exception of the little boy King of Spain, and of the little girl Queen of the Netherlands, there is scarcely a single monarch in Christendom who is not at the present moment engaged in pursuing, gun or crop in hand, game both big and small.

Foremost among all of these anointed of the Lord as a mighty Nimrod is the chivalrous Emperor of Austro-Hungary, who is famed as being the most successful and fearless hunter of chamois on record. No man living possesses a larger collection of gemsboc beards, which constitute the hunter's trophy of this most perilous and arduous of all chases. The only person whose score comes anywhere near to his own is his intimate friend and "chum," King Albert of Saxony. Both of the monarchs are now old men, with hair, whiskers, and mustache of a snowy white, but neither their years, nor yet the sorrows which have contributed so much towards aging them prematurely, have been permitted until now to interfere with their annual chamois-hunting expedition in the Styrian Alps. This invariably takes place in the latter part of the autumn, and the two monarchs make their headquarters at Francis Joseph's picturesque shooting-lodge, or rather château, at Muerzsteg. They are usually accompanied by the Emperor's son-in-law, Prince Leopold of Bavaria; by the young Archduke Ferdinand, heir presumptive to the throne; by Prince Philippe of Saxe-Coburg; and by that most important of all dignitaries of the Austrian court, Count Henry von Abensperg-Traun, the Grand Huntsman of the empire. The last-named, who by virtue of his office holds a seat in the Privy Council, and ranks higher than the cabinet ministers, has under his control all the game preserves, the hunting equipages, and the shooting-lodges of the crown in the various parts of the empire, and is the generalissimo of the army of game-keepers and jaegers, many thousands in number, who wear the livery of the house of Hapsburg.

The first three or four days of the stay at Muerzsteg are devoted to stalking the chamois, the two sovereigns generally remaining together, attended only by the Grand Huntsman and by a few jaegers and guides, while the other members of the shooting party follow each his own devices. The start is made every morning about an hour before dawn, so as to enable the sportsmen to be well up on the mountain-side by daybreak, that being the time when the gemsboc is heard at his best. All day long the two old sovereigns, alpenstock in hand and short stocky rifle slung over the shoulder, go toiling up and down the mountains, along the edges of great precipices, tracing their steps along paths that to the uninitiated would seem to afford no foothold to any living thing save a chamois. Sometimes they are overtaken by snow-storms while up in the mountains, and are unable to see their way or to move either backwards or forwards for whole hours together, while at other times they are forced to lie down flat on their stomachs, and to cling with hand and foot to any friendly bit of projecting rock in order to avoid being blown down the precipices or into the deep crevasses by the terrible winds which without warning suddenly sweep through the Alpine gorges and valleys with a force that can only be described as cyclonic. Everybody—Emperor, King, princes, and attendants, down to the humblest jaeger—wears the same kind of Styrian dress, consisting of a sort of "joppe," or Austrian jacket of gray homespun with green collar and facings, and buttons of undressed stag horn; homespun breeches, buttoned above the knee, which is left entirely bare; thick woollen stockings, rolled below the knee; and heavy hobnailed laced boots. The head-gear is that known in this country as the Tyrolese hat, adorned by a chamois beard fastened to the ribbon.

By dusk, which comes early up in the mountains, everybody is back at the Jagdschloss, and dinner is served at five, in a room panelled with wood and decorated with sporting trophies. The costume worn is the same as that during the day. The Emperor and the King sit next to one another, while the Grand Huntsman faces them on the opposite side of the table. The dinner is served not by liveried footmen, but by jaegers and game-keepers. On rising from the table, the party, as a rule, descend into the court-yard, where, on a layer of pine branches, all the game killed during the day is laid out, the jaegers forming three sides of a square, lighting up the scene with great pine torches, while the huntsmen sound the *curée chaude*. By eight or nine o'clock everybody is in bed, and the whole of the château wrapped in slumber.

During the last three or four days of the stay the so-called "treibjagds" take the place of stalking. They are far more ceremonious but infinitely less fatiguing affairs, and as they begin between eight and nine and last till four, they do not involve getting out of bed at the unearthly hour of three or four o'clock in the morning. They necessitate, however, an enormous amount of preparation and organization on the part of the Grand Huntsman. During at least forty-eight hours beforehand, a vast corps of "treibers," or Styrian mountaineers engaged for the purpose, have been employed in surrounding a district of mountain and valley many miles in area. The circle is gradually narrowed down until the whole of the game is driven from the heights into the valley, where the Emperor and his guests have taken up their position. The arrangement of the latter is regarded as a matter of the utmost importance, and on the evening before, the Grand Huntsman submits to the Emperor a carefully drawn-up ground-plan of the locality. His Majesty thereupon designates with his own hands the spot where each of his guests is to take up his position on the following morning. He himself and the King of Saxony generally await the game in the lowest part of the valley, the remaining guests and officials being spread up the mountain-side on either hand, according to their degree of rank and imperial favor, those who enjoy the greatest share thereof being the nearest to the sovereigns down in the valley, while those of less importance are posted higher up on the mountain-sides. By nine o'clock every member of the party must be in the place assigned to him on the plan, and the "treibers," who have kept the game carefully within the circle of their lines, now proceed to drive it down towards the shooting party.

Usually great nets are stretched about a hundred yards to the rear of the two monarchs, with the object of forcing the game which may have got past the majesties to retrace their steps, and to face the royal and imperial rifles once more. This recalls to mind a curious scene which I witnessed at one of these hunts. A magnificent gemsboc had got past the King of Saxony, and finding the net in the way, charged it full tilt with a flying leap. Its horns got entangled in the meshes, seven or eight feet up in the air, and there it remained hanging until a couple of jaegers in attendance on the King caught hold of the animal, disentangled it, and carefully placed it on the ground. For a moment it stood as if transfixed, gazing steadfastly at the net, and then deliberately charged, head down and with a tremendous bound, at the obstacle once more, with the same result, of course. Again the jaegers disengaged him, but in his struggles to recover his liberty the gemsboc left his beard, torn out by the very roots, in the hand of one of the men, who had grabbed it for the purpose of holding the animal fast. Then for the third time the gallant buck charged the net, which he cleared in magnificent style, and made good his escape. His beard which he left behind him figures to this day on the hat of King Albert, who is probably the only man living who can boast of wearing the beard of a gemsboc that is still roaming over the Alps.

While gemsboc or chamois stalking appears to be the favorite sport of the rulers of Austro-Hungary and of Saxony, that of Emperor William and the house of Hohenzollern is wild-boar hunting. This species of game abounds in the imperial preserves of Koenigs-Wusterhausen, of Letzlingen, of Goehrde, and of Springe, the latter quite near to the ancient city of Hamelin, celebrated in legendary lore for its "pied piper" and for its rats. The preserves at Goehrde are, however, those most affected by the young monarch, as they were also by his grandfather, the late Emperor William. Persons invited for the first time to these imperial shooting parties have to go through a regular form of initiation, somewhat akin to that practised in the case of people "crossing the line" for the first time at sea. On the evening before the day on which the hunt is to begin, and when the party are assembled in the smoking and card rooms of the Jagdschloss after dinner, the great oak table in the dining-room is cleared and ornamented with several lines of chalk. The Grand Huntsman von Kotze, or his deputy, Count Falkenstein, thereupon, after receiving the Emperor's final instructions, selects a dozen members of the party and conducts them to the dining-room, where they take up their places around the table, each armed with a wooden spoon of different size. At a given signal the huntsman in charge of the imperial pack of blood-hounds, who has been stationed at the entrance leading into the dining-room, sounds the view halloo on his horn, and immediately every one of the wooden spoons is rubbed up and down the oaken table in a manner that produces a sound similar to that of the noise made by a pack in full pursuit. The person about to be initiated is thereupon seized and blindfolded, after which the doors are thrown open, and he is carried into the dining-room, and laid upon the table athwart the chalk lines. The Emperor draws his short hunting-knife, and after making several mystic passes with it in the air, strikes the prostrate body of the neophyte a smart blow with the flat of the broad blade. The huntsman toots forth the signal of "dead, dead," which is used to call the pack off the quarry, and the new-fledged "wardman" is permitted to struggle off the table and on to the ground. I may add that the Emperor's blow with the hunting-knife is not the only one which the neophyte receives while stretched on the table, nor does it constitute the sum total of the initiation, but only the conclusion thereof. Indeed, there is sometimes a good deal of rough horse-play on these occasions, in which the Emperor, who delights therein, takes a prominent part.

The boar hunts on the following day partake of the nature of the chamois drives already described above, the only difference being the drivers, or "treibers," are assisted in their work by a carefully trained pack of boar-hounds, which are accustomed to obey the horn signals of the huntsman in charge, and are of much service in driving the quarry from its lair in the dense brush and underwood. Another difference is that the shooting party instead of firing in the direction of the drivers are under strict orders only to fire away from them. That is, one is practically forced to wait until the wild-boar rushes past before one's rifle may be levelled. Of course it sometimes happens that the boar, instead of charging past, charges directly at one in the most fierce and aggressive manner, and it is for the sake of being prepared for an assault of this kind that each member of the party is provided with a kind of pike or lance, which goes by the euphonious name of a "sowpen."

The costume worn on these occasions is an exceptionally hideous uniform, specially invented and devised by the present Emperor. It consists of a double-breasted frock-coat of gray cloth, with grass-green lapels and collar, green striped pantaloons, with high boots, and a gray Tyrolese hat with a wide green band. Any person who ventures to assert that the Emperor looks well therein is guilty of a reckless disregard for the truth and of the basest flattery. For the gray coat and hat, and especially the green facings, cuffs, collar, and hat band, only serve to intensify the bilious tint of the Emperor's complexion.

It has become a subject of comment at Berlin that on these shooting expeditions the Emperor is seldom, if ever, accompanied by his only brother, Henry. The reason for this is not far to seek, for the sailor prince of Prussia is known throughout the length and breadth of Europe as a most dangerous and consequently undesirable guest at any shooting party. Whether it is due to a lack of skill, or to carelessness, or merely to sheer ill luck, I am unable to say; the fact remains that many accidents have marred the pleasure of the shooting parties which he has attended. Only a year or so ago, while taking part in a shooting expedition on the island of Corfu, he stumbled and sustained a heavy fall, which not only injured him pretty severely, but in addition caused the accidental discharge of both barrels of his gun, dangerously wounding a Greek gentleman who was accompanying the royal party. Some time previously he had a similar misfortune while out buck-shooting near Baden-Baden. On that occasion he accidentally shot one of the game-keepers of his uncle, the reigning Grand Duke of Baden. The man lay in a critical condition for several days, but eventually recovered. His wound, however, incapacitated him from further service, and he is to this day in receipt of a handsome pension both from the Grand Duke and from the Prince. It was the latter, too, if I am not mistaken, who caused such a universal look of horror at a dinner at Balmoral, by his reply to an inquiry on the part of the Queen as to what sport he had had while out deer-stalking that day.

"I haven't killed anything," he cheerily exclaimed; "but the gillies tell me that I have succeeded in wounding three stags."

His royal grandmother's face immediately assumed its most stern and forbidding expression. A horrified silence ensued, and then every one commenced to talk of something else, as if anxious to relieve pent-up feelings. Not another word was exchanged on the subject of the Prince's achievements with his rifle—at any rate at table—but the Queen took care that there should be no more deer-stalking for Prince Henry.

Far inferior to the chamois hunts of the Emperor of Austria, and to the wild-boar hunts of Emperor William, both of which are attended by a certain amount of personal risk and danger, are the official *chasses* of the President of the French Republic. The days when the imperial court of Napoleon III. was wont to pursue the wild-boar and the stag, the members of the hunt all magnificently horsed and arrayed in coats and riding-habits bedecked with gold lace, and Louis XV. three-cornered hats bordered with white ostrich feathers on their heads, are things of the past. Indeed, it is impossible to conceive anything more humdrum and prosaical than the Presidential shooting parties. The only excitement which they afford is that presented by the execrable shooting of the President himself. From this point of view they are not altogether without danger, for one of the most remarkable and effective shots ever made by M. Carnot was when he lodged the charge of both barrels of his gun in the lower portion of the back of General Brugère, the principal secretary and chief officer of the Presidential household at the Élysée. For several weeks the General lay between life and death, one of the principal arteries having been laid open by the shot. However, he ultimately recovered, and has now, of course, become a kind of fixture as well as a great power at the Élysée. It is he, moreover, who assumes the rôle of the Grand Huntsman of the Presidential court, and who directs the *chasses*, which, in view of his past experience, can only be regarded as indicating the possession of a considerable degree of courage. I understand that on these occasions he is especially careful to avoid turning, even for a minute, his back towards the President.

The Presidential shooting parties mostly take place in the state forest of Rambouillet, and are invariably limited to twelve guns. The reason for the number being thus restricted is that there are only twelve avenues through the forest. These are each about five yards wide, and run parallel with each other, with intervals of about 200 feet between each. The central avenue, which is about twice as broad as the others, is reserved for the President himself, while those on either side are allotted to his guests in order of precedence, those last in rank being awarded the avenues on the extremities of the right and left wings. About a hundred pheasants are recruited from the surrounding district, and some fifty game-keepers take up their position in a long line immediately to the rear of the shooters, for the purpose of driving the game into the avenues, and at a given trumpet signal both the shooters and drivers commence their advance. No shooter is permitted either to leave the avenue allotted to him, or to shoot either to the right or to the left, and the drivers or beaters have strict orders to remain immediately to the rear of the shooting party. By this means accidents become almost an impossibility. M. Carnot is attended on these occasions by General Brugère, by M. Recopé, Inspector of the State Forests, and by the latter's trumpeter, who sounds the signals to the game-keepers and beaters. There is also a sergeant of *gardes chasses*, whose duty it is to attend to the loading of the Presidential gun. M. Carnot does not shoot often, however, for he asserts that it makes his head ache to fire more than once or twice. The *chasses* are invariably preceded by a grand *déjeuner* in the Presidential pavilion in the forest, and an equally succulent dinner brings the proceedings to a close. The only thing that tends to impair the appetite of those of the guests who do not happen to be good shots is the knowledge that they have each been attended throughout the *chasse* by a special servant armed with a printed formula and a pin, for the purpose of keeping a correct tally of the game falling to his gun. These scores are proclaimed in a loud tone of voice after dinner by the head game-keeper at the time of the tableau or exhibition of the game—mostly pheasants—shot, on the lawn in front of the pavilion.

King Oscar's favorite form of sport is elk or moose hunting. These hunts mostly take place in the months of September and October, in the great forests which cover the highlands of the Swedish province of Jemtland. The elk found there is somewhat smaller than the American moose, and its horns are narrower. Bears, too, are found in these forests in large numbers, and almost equalling in size the grizzly-bear of the Rocky Mountains. King Oscar is an enthusiastic shekaree of big game, especially of the two species just mentioned, and many are the elk and bear hunts which he has organized in his Jemtland forests for the entertainment of English and French princes, Austrian archdukes, Russian grand dukes, and German petty sovereigns.

Less hospitable — that is, in a sporting sense—is King Humbert, of Italy. Instead of giving great shooting and hunting parties, after the manner of his brother monarchs, it is his custom to withdraw alone, with one of his favorite aides-de-camp, to an almost inaccessible valley up in the Savoy Alps. Making his headquarters in a chalet and living on the simplest of fare, he spends two or three weeks there every year, stalking from sunrise to sundown the steinboc, a kind of mountain buck, which has now become exceedingly rare, indeed, almost extinct in Europe.

Alexander III. of Russia is passionately fond of the chase, and makes a point of spending several weeks every year at Spala, his magnificent sporting estate in the southern portion of Russian Poland. As soon as he arrives there, the Emperor changes not only his habits, but even his very character. He lays aside the cares of state, becomes gay, light-hearted, and genial, and manifests a disposition to play practical jokes, to tease, and to argue. His entire day is spent in the vast forests, hundreds of miles in extent, that surround the château on every side, and abound with stags, wild-boars, wolves, bears, and every conceivable kind of game. Somewhat lazy and indolent, the Czar does most of his shooting by means of battues, or "treibjagds." They are characterized by an entire absence of formality or ceremony, and generally consist in the Emperor and his companions taking up their position on the border of some clearing, or at the edge of that portion of the forest that is being driven by the carefully selected beaters. His Majesty's favorite and invariable companions are a couple of men who are just about the very last persons on earth whom one would expect him to admit into his confidence. The first is the Polish Marquis Wielopolski, son of the famous Polish patriot and statesman of that name. The Marquis, in addition to being a Pole, is married to the Austrian Princess of Montenuovo, who is connected morganatically with the imperial house of Hapsburg, being the daughter of the natural son of Empress Marie Louise of France and of the latter's one-eyed Austrian chamberlain, Count Neipperg. Notwithstanding his own nationality and that of his wife, the Marquis stands so high in the favor of Alexander that the latter has intrusted him with the management and control of the great Spala estate, as well as of all the remaining imperial domains in Russian Poland.

The other favorite companion of the Czar is the Polish abbé Zudmowski, the Roman Catholic rector of the neighboring village of Podborz. In his younger days the abbé bore arms against Russia. For, finding himself at Pesth at the time of the Hungarian insurrection, he enrolled himself in the army of Kossuth, and took part in several of the battles between the insurgent forces and the Russian contingent under General Paskiewitch which had invaded Hungary for the purpose of helping the Austrian government to suppress the revolt. Zudmowski subsequently entered the Church, and was appointed parish priest of Podborz, where he has remained ever since, refusing all offers of preferment. The Czar first made his acquaintance in 1872 while visiting old Field-Marshal Prince Banatinski at Skierniewitz, and was speedily drawn towards the worthy cleric by the latter's sturdy independence, by his rugged common-sense, and, above all, by his wonderful skill as a sportsman. Indeed the abbé has the reputation of being the best all-round sporting shot in the whole of the vast Russian Empire. He is of exceedingly humble birth, being the son of a poor peasant; but when the Czar is at Spala, the autocrat and the priest are inseparable. Gun in hand, they stand together awaiting the beginning of the battue, discussing, arguing, and cracking jokes, just as if there was no difference of rank between them. Almost every afternoon finds the abbé seated at the imperial table, where he is made much of by the Czarina and the imperial children, to whom he plaintively appeals for protection when the Emperor has on one of his spells of teasing. Many, too, are the simple breakfasts and luncheons that Alexander has partaken *en tête-à-tête* with the priest at the rectory. While at Spala the Empress, her daughter Xenia, and her ladies spend most of their days playing lawn-tennis, either riding or driving out in the afternoon to join the shooting party, and to escort the members thereof home. Spala, indeed, may be described as the Balmoral of the imperial Russian family, with this difference, that whereas life at Balmoral is *triste* and wearisome in the extreme, gayety, good-humor, and happiness reign at Spala, where Alexander III. is to be seen at his very best.

Like his huge burly Russian brother-in-law, the Prince of Wales prefers to do his gunning with the least possible amount of exertion or fatigue, and it is impossible to conceive anything more elaborate than the precautions adopted at the Sandringham shooting parties for the purpose of saving the members thereof from every species of discomfort. Each person taking part therein is furnished either with a comfortable shooting pony, or, if of particularly high rank and importance, with a pony phaeton, to convey him, first of all, to the meeting-place, from there to the locality where the slaughter of the birds is to take place, and thence to the spot appointed for luncheon—a repast at which the party is sometimes joined by the Princess, her daughters, and the ladies staying at the hall. Besides the pony or pony trap, each sportsman is accompanied by his loaders, by a royal game-keeper arrayed in a green coat with gilt buttons, yellow buckskin breeches and gaiters, and by a boy who carries not only the cartridge-bag, but also a peculiarly shaped portable stool for the shooter to sit on while waiting for the birds to rise from the covert before him. The beaters—there is quite a small army of them—wear blue blouses, for the purpose of enabling them to be recognized at a distance; a necessary precaution, inasmuch as they are all the time advancing towards the guns. They commence the drive as soon as ever the Prince pipes the signal with the little silver whistle hanging from his button-hole, and beat the coverts right and left with their long staves. The game is restricted almost entirely to pheasants, of which enormous quantities are shot, large hampers packed with birds being despatched after every Sandringham battue to the various London hospitals. It must not, however, be inferred from what I have just described that the Prince of Wales is any less thorough a sportsman than his crowned relatives on the Continent. He is an excellent sporting shot, has killed almost everything in the shape of big game save a giraffe, a hippopotamus, and a rhinoceros, and has manifested powers of great endurance and energy when stalking stags in the Scottish Highlands. Indeed, he is fully entitled to a place in the foremost rank of imperial and royal shekarees.

"LITTLE ONE."

BY FLAVEL SCOTT MINES.

THE great ballroom was like the sea. The waves of people whirled and eddied in the storm of music. They tossed to and fro—backward and forward—the jewels and brighter eyes of the fair women suggesting the spray that is thrown upward by the waves and lit by the sun. The human tide ebbed and flowed—a turbulent whirlpool surrounded by a wall of stony dowagers and ancient beaux. Then there came a sudden lull—the wind died out—the dancers ceased, and all was order. The flitting couples were the gulls darting here and there after the storm was over.

A girl came out into the hall, leaning on the arm of a much-bedecked cavalier, who was jerky in his walk and voluble in speech. The man was a type of the many types of Washington society, but his partner attracted the eyes of all. She was probably nineteen, rather tall, and very graceful. Her features were classic in their mould, but full of the fire of life and sympathy that the strongest chisel fails to carve. As they passed down the broad hall, the man chattering like a simian, and the girl indifferently regarding the blasé youths that blocked the way, a young fellow came forward wearing an air of general disgust, and looking infinitely more bored than his other miserable fellow-creatures. He stood carelessly to one side to let the two pass, apparently regardless of them, but as they approached, the girl ran forward with a cry.

"Why," ejaculated the young man, aroused from his state of apparent somnolence, "it's Lit—it's Nancy!"

"You never told me you were here," answered the girl, blushing ever so slightly. The *de trop* cavalier looked on this meeting with an expression of feebleness, and stood to one side.

"How could I tell you," laughed the young man, "when I imagined that you were still in Virginia? I was going down to-morrow."

"Didn't you know I had come up to Washington to make my début, and— Oh, I beg your pardon, Lieutenant Fraxton, my cousin, Mr. Wentworth."

The Lieutenant shuffled uneasily and bowed stiffly, while Wentworth made a feint at a slight nod of recognition.

"Come into the conservatory, Nancy," he whispered, offering his arm; and Mistress Nancy, who acted her own sweet pleasure, turned to the officer with a smile and bow, and accepted her cousin's arm. The lieutenant blinked at them as they went off.

"Well, Little One?" said Wentworth, with a questioning smile, as they entered the dim, fragrant room.

Miss Nancy stamped her foot. "Why do you persist, Tom, in calling me so?" she objected. "It won't do for society."

"Well, I reckon not," answered Tom. "That's my own especial name, and society has nothing to do with it."

"Of course not," responded the girl, absently. She was thinking of some years before, and Tom's stubbornness regarding that very subject; she let it pass now as she had then.

"Tell me, how are you?" remarked her cousin, leading the way to a cloistered seat. "Suppose I had gone home and missed you?"

"It would have been your own fault," rejoined the girl. "You are so mighty independent that your own mother does not keep track of your movements, much less your humble cousin."

"I didn't think she cared," Tom answered, and waited a moment for her to respond, "She don't"—which reply was forth-coming in due season.

"Don't let's fight," Tom continued. "How do you like society?"

"Oh," laughed the girl, "it's pleasant, because society seems to like me. Mrs. Whorter, an old friend of papa's, thought it too bad that I should miss the madness of a Washington season, and invited me up. Mamma is staying at your house, and do you know, Tom, we are going to spend the summer there. Auntie says that the visit is to be indefinitely prolonged. Isn't it good of her?"

"Perfectly right," agreed the young man. "I'm to spend the summer there myself."

"Why, I thought you were going abroad?" cried the girl. "So I heard."

"No; that is, if my home-coming isn't going to scare you all away," was the reply of the fickle youth, who ten minutes before would have called upon the nine gods to bear witness to his intended hegira. It was the first capitulation, and the girl must have understood it somehow, for she was uncertain how to answer. After all, it was the belle of the season who responded,

"Well, perhaps not."

Then an intruder came upon the scene, a gentleman with fierce whiskers, which essayed the leonine, but lent rather a feline expression.

"This—er—is my dance, I believe, Miss Hardy," he ventured.

And Miss Hardy, responding with an indifferent "Is it?" took his arm. Then she turned to her cousin. "I'll save you the next dance, Tom."

The young man smiled and nodded in the most matter-of-fact way, while Puss-in-Boots glared at the individual who received such sovereign courtesy with such apparent calmness.

Left to himself, Tom gave vent to a whistle. Then he improved the occasion by growling and mentally dubbing himself a hydra-headed specimen of asininity. It had been three years since they had last met. He was then fresh from college, with an unlimited good opinion of himself, and she just in the chrysalis state. They had been good friends who were eternally squabbling, and now—Tom winked slyly at an oleander, and changed his mental personal designation to something more flattering. He did not consider his instability; he did not recall his harangues regarding single blessedness as opposed to the misery of woman's thrall. His memory of those college poems full of cynical bitterness toward the fair sex—so good at that time—was completely wiped out. He fell into the snare as easily as he had affected misogyny. He became a slave with the grace of a conqueror; but there was enough latent good sense in the young man to make him resolve to keep his opinions to himself.

That night he settled upon his plan of campaign. He would make himself useful; by-and-by he would become necessary. His cousin—three degrees removed, by-the-way—also saw in him an interposition of Providence. She could do as she pleased regarding him, and make him useful. Not that she didn't act her own sweet pleasure in everything; but queens may not be so absolute as cousins, and there was a sense of possession and comradeship as well. She had known him forever as measured by her own life, and he was a brother more than anything else, and a few years' absence did nothing toward altering the sisterly regard. So Miss Nancy Hardy, the belle of the season, adopted Tom Wentworth as a *deus ex machina;* and, when she so desired, the wires were manipulated, and the convenient cousin lowered into the centre of society's stage and made to act his little part. The only one who objected was Mrs. Whorter, the girl's chaperon, who thought that there was something deeper than cousinly regard in the young man's mind; but when she feebly objected (on general principles alone), the younger lady gave a scornful sniff, and commented upon the years that she had known him, going into details regarding tree-climbing, etc., that horrified the dowager and shut her up.

So the season of 1845-6 passed on, the young man continually on his guard, and playing his part so well that he occasionally introduced a gentle quarrel to prove that the state of things was as it always had been. But he grew to know the girl better than he had ever done before, and learned her sweet simplicity. She was a butterfly and a child—aimless in life, careless of the future, delighting in the homage she received. But she took all the admiration of the men so naturally, betraying no partiality, having no knowledge or thought of the truth of love as it should be, that her self-constituted mentor dared not to venture upon a warning, as he would have done if his suspicions, always alert, suggested anything serious. Life to her was full of youth, music, and pleasure; love was an abstract quality that she did not realize. Wentworth understood it all—and waited. He had outgrown his uncertainty; he had become a man.

So the sea of society pitched and rolled, burying many beneath its deep waters, while Mistress Nancy rode on the topmost wave and ruled. But there came an awakening one day; a tiny cloud passed over Arcady. Wentworth, who had been lulled into a feeling of security, was suddenly awakened. He had called at the house, and with the assurance of familiarity entered at once into the drawing-room; and as he entered, a picture was revealed that stirred his pulses and made his heart throb wildly with jealousy. A young man stood before the fire, silent, abashed. His cousin sat to one side, her head bent in thought, also silent. They both turned at his entrance, and then the young man, with a low bow to the girl, went out, not noticing the intruder. As the door closed Wentworth went forward, and the girl rose and took his hand. Her eyes were full of gentle, womanly tears.

"Oh, Tom!" she said, choking back a sob, "why do such things happen? Why do men love me, and then feel badly because—because—"

Tom's heart gave a great bound; he was wholly satisfied. "I don't know, Little One," he answered, tenderly and gently, patting the little hand that lay in his. But he did know; and he also knew that if he told, he would give up hope and banish love. The time had not yet come; he must continue in his fool's paradise, standing unarmed at the gate to guard. Then he suggested a relief, and it showed the curb that the young man possessed over himself, proving also his ready deviation from the path of truth.

"What do you say to a canter?" he asked. "The horses are now waiting, and I'll order them around."

The suggestion was a happy one. But upon reflection Tom afterwards doubted the wisdom of the step. As they galloped through the city half an hour later another horseman hove in sight, and, with the permission of Mistress Nancy, joined the party. And this rider—a grave, middle-aged officer of the army—seemed to interest the young lady exceedingly, until Tom said something (to himself) that touched severely upon the fickleness of woman, as exemplified by a heretofore perfect being. When the ride was over, and with glowing cheeks Miss Hardy testified to the pleasure her cousin had given her, that peculiar young man was not greatly impressed; for he had not even been called upon to exercise his machine duties, and Major Barton had done all the talking when she was silent.

Having had his suspicions aroused, Mr. Thomas Wentworth did not spend his time in building castles; he settled down to business and engaged in chaperonage. He would have welcomed any change of feeling in his cousin, but toward him she remained the same as ever. Major Barton was entirely too prominent those days, and Mrs. Whorter once questioned him as to whether he thought "the major was in earnest." The good lady had become convinced of his disinterestedness, and was surprised and shocked to hear the Major called an "old fool." The young man had no bed of roses those days, and each hour seemed to be fitted with a particularly sharp thorn made on purpose to disturb him. The Major was very attentive, and Miss Nancy sublimely unconscious to all appearances, but a large-sized devil of doubt had entered into the youth's mind, and again opened that sealed chamber of cynicism and distrust. If he could only find some pretext to outdo the Major he would have been happy, but that gentleman was so uniformly polite that Virginia chivalry was not to be cast in the shade. Tom rejoiced that the Major was an ardent abolitionist, and he took care to introduce the subject as often as possible, and gloat over the number of slaves that Miss Hardy possessed at home. But that young lady did not bother about the questions of the day at that time, and once she forbade Tom to refer to politics in the parlor.

"Why," she said, "you seem to be always trying to get the Major into a discussion, and you and he never agree on politics."

"He comes here too often," was the surly response.

"Thank you," replied Mistress Nancy; "but I reckon that I'm my own mistress, and besides he comes to see me." Saying this, the young lady blushed so prettily that it was all Tom could do to refrain from taking her in his arms and kissing her.

As the winter of '45 had been all sunshine to the young lover in the cloak of a cousin, so the early part of '46 was gloom. Tom's life was an atmosphere of urbane majors, who loved him for his cousin's sake. Second-hand affection of this kind did not appeal to him, but little attentions and dinners could not admit of his being otherwise than gracious, and he went to these dinners solely because Nancy had asked him to once, for the Major had given the invitation to her to deliver, Tom not being visible at the time. He plainly saw the drift of things; he knew that Nancy's eyes were opened, and that for her the world had resolved itself into the Major, with Tom as the attendant satellite. The Major possessed the faculty of being first in anything and everything, and the disagreeable machine god was lugged along to keep Mrs. Whorter happy and amused. The minor deity submitted for the sake of cousinship—confound kin! he thought—and the only thing that cheered was the reflection that it cost the Major a lot of money. It was the Major who got them front seats to see some official ceremony, where for three hours Tom sat by her side while the other was absent on duty; but it was the Major, resplendent in full-dress uniform, that walked home with Miss Nancy, while Tom escorted Mrs. Whorter, and gave small heed to that lady's reminiscence of the time when the silk-stocking régime of Madison gave place to the bag-at-the-knee rule of Monroe, all of which happened when she was a "little, little girl."

"Um!" commented Tom at the conclusion of this history, and, looking ahead, decided that the Major and Nancy made a very handsome couple, which angered him.

There were rumors of war afloat, a Lone Star State in view, and the fact brought comfort to the young man's soul, for the place for soldiers was at the front. The rumors grew in strength all the time, and one day a magnanimous thought came into the young man's mind—why should he not go to the war too, and give his rival an equal chance? He consulted with the Major, that official saw the War Secretary and the President, and one day came back with a commission as Lieutenant. By that time all talk was that of war.

One fair April day Tom took Nancy down to the valley of the Shenandoah, gave her into the keeping of her mother, and bade good-by to his affectionate relative. As he mounted his horse to ride down to the station—he had taken advantage of the occasion to kiss all around—he waved his hand and shouted, "I'll come back a Major!" Then he cursed himself for a prig as he rode onward, for the dear girl would surely misunderstand him; and he remembered the faint blush he called up for a long time. There was one thing which truly pleased him, and that was the thought that he would be on even terms with the Major in Mexico as far as love went. So he returned to Washington feeling unpleasantly like a fool, and trying to make himself out a martyr to principles.

When Tom reached the capital he got orders to report to General Taylor on the Rio Grande, and off he went, leaving the Major in Washington, only four hours from his ideal. This was not what he had counted upon, and Tom realized then that he had been a sure-enough fool. He did not intend to make any such sacrifice at first; all did not seem fair in love and war. He reached the camp by the 1st of May, and there found that he had to learn so much that he gave up the past in order to perfect himself in the present work; that is, he gave up as much as he could. He had been on duty for a week, when the Major turned up, smiling and hearty.

"Hello, Lieutenant!" was his greeting. "How are you?" He grasped the young man's hand and held it. "I may call you Tom, may I not? I am engaged to your fair cousin."

Tom's idea of what happened just then was never very clear. He knew that the Major and he were drinking to the health of Mistress Nancy in the Major's tent ten minutes later, and that he hoped to be surrounded by blood-thirsty Mexicans in the night, and utterly wiped out. The next day there was a skirmish, and in the excitement a gun was fired so close to Tom's face that he was burned by the flames about the eyes, and fell back blind. After that the troops pressed forward, and Tom was left groaning behind.

"You will be sent home now," was the Major's comforting good-by; "and don't forget to give my love."

Tom ground his teeth in sheer madness, and called down anathemas that would have put a Turk to shame for their originality. Was this to be the end? Was he to live out an existence of blind folly? Never to see her again? Sometimes in the silence of the night he was tempted to look for a pistol. *Look!*—he laughed bitterly at the thought, and groaned in darkness. Blinded by a discharge of one of his own muskets. Bah! what bravery!

The army moved on, and was victorious. In a week Tom realized that the world still possessed light, though it was but a faint glimmer, and then he was rumbling across the plain in a rude wagon. Homeward-bound! There was little joy in the thought, it seemed so ignominious. What a home-coming it was—so pitiful to the strong young man! His sight improved a little, and he could distinguish forms in the twilight about, but his eyes were kept bandaged most of the time, and in that condition he left the train at Pleasant Valley. Who had come to meet him?

A gentle pressure on his arm, a thrill of joy, and a soft voice whispered, "Tom!"

"Yes, Little One," he answered, passively. "No good."

"The doctor wrote yesterday from Washington that you would be all right in a few months," she rejoined; for he had stopped in the city to be examined and treated.

He wore a slouch hat pulled down over his face, he was unshaven, his uniform was soiled. He had been told all this, but had said that he didn't care, which was true—he didn't. The girl saw nothing of this: She saw the tall man helpless in his misery, and [illegible] was glad he could not see her weep.

"Come, Tom dear; your mother is waiting in the carriage," and she led him to her.

He said very little going homeward, seated beside his mother, but in the front seat Nancy sat weeping gently, and she held his hand all the way, grieved at the sight, and the first thing that he did when he got home was to tear off the bandage, and endeavor to recognize the dear dim form before him. Then he gave her the Major's message.

What sweet calm days were those that followed! He sat on the piazza while she read to him and talked to him, asking him all sorts of questions about what he had done in the few weeks' absence. But scarcely did she refer to her affianced lover, and was so gentle to him, so good, that Tom felt almost as though she had realized his secret. Little by little he grew better able to bear the light, until he could see his own way, and then, with the ingratitude of man, he felt sorry that he must give up the touch of that gentle guiding hand. But he could do nothing yet, and must be petted and amused as a child, and never was there sweeter or more unselfish nurse in all the world. So the summer days passed on—days that afterwards held the memory of warmth and birds and flowers, together with a low voice all through them. It was inaction, Arcady, a fool's paradise, yet those days brought forth the strength of the man and the sweetness of the woman. Love ruled unconsciously to them.

It was a bright September day that the two sat on a hill-side beneath a shady tree. The valley of the Shenandoah stretched before them, with the dim mountains afar off. The Potomac was a silver thread, occasionally lost in a patch of trees, and then running on through a meadow. Tom knew the view by heart. He could not see it all, but it was plainly before him as he lay on his back smoking. As he had told Nancy one day, he felt it all the time. She sat beside him with a book, reading the poetry sung by some minstrel in the olden time. Now and then she would stop to laugh at some quaint expression or way of spelling, and then, stopping, would explain why she laughed, spelling out the words as to a child. Meanwhile Tom lay with his eyes closed, blowing the smoke straight up, up, until it seemed to form the little clouds that scudded across the blue sky. As the afternoon waned, a little darky came running out with a letter "fo' Miss Nancy."

She took it and read, then bent her head a moment and held the paper out to Tom.

"What is it?" he asked. "I can't read."

She started suddenly. "I forgot," she answered. "Major Barton has been killed at Vera Cruz."

Tom dropped his pipe and rose to his feet. Then he bent over and took her hands in his. "Poor, poor Little One!" he said, in a voice so full of sympathy that she burst into tears. He took a seat on the grass beside her, and tenderly stroked her hair as she sobbed. "My Little One," he whispered, "I am awfully sorry for you."

Only the silence of the summer afternoon. Life everywhere and love. Then he drew her toward him, and laid her head upon his shoulder.

"Little One," he whispered.

"Oh, it's so awful!" she sobbed. "He—he loved me so, and was so good, and went away so happy. I didn't know whether I cared for him or not, and I—I—don't know now. I—was so foolish, and thought at first I loved him, but that was before I knew all that love meant. I didn't know—really—and I feel so guilty now at having deceived him. I didn't mean to—I didn't know. Oh, Tom, will you hate me for this deceit? I feel so guilty. I have been so happy this summer!"

"Little One," was the answer, softly given, "all things are right as God orders them. It is all well now."

And the eyes that were dimmed to the present saw far into the future—happy, loving years to be.

THE WOMAN'S BUILDING, WORLD'S FAIR.

BY M. A. LANE.

It was the chief desire of the women composing the Board of Lady Managers of the Columbian Exposition to limit the work of their department to their own sex. Plans for the building, designs for ornamentation, models for the sculptures, and all the rest of it would be acceptable only from women. The rest of the exposition would be the work of man. This special department must be the work of women. Of course, when the affair was brought down to its practical extremity, the ladies, as usual, were compelled to call in the assistance of the men. Ladies cannot cart dirt, lift heavy weights, handle derricks, operate steam-engines, and eat meals in boarding-houses whose tables are set and served with a special reference and an accommodating consideration for the brevity of day-laborers' pay. Men have put up the building, but they have been the mere wooden tools that have shovelled mortar and erected beams and plastered staff according to the designs of a woman—Miss Sophia G. Hayden, of Boston.

But there is at least one of the women who thinks it might have been otherwise. "I believe," says she, "that women could have done it all. At least, I have seen women in Germany who could put in mosaics as artistically as men, and I am sorry we did not secure some of these women to lay some mosaics for us. But if we did not put up the building, we have furnished the ideas for it; and everything in it, when the exposition opens, will be of woman. In this one place man will be completely shut out."

And this manager tells the truth, if the ladies will only decide to follow their programme. Their building is perhaps now more advanced than any other on the grounds. Indeed, it is all but complete. The Ionic columns guarding the flat roof at the northern and southern wings are in position. These portions of the building will be made into a tea garden with a canopy of Japan silk, and the favorite beverage of the sex will be suggested by Oriental dressing and decoration and shrubbery at every turn. From the roof, at a dozen widely scattered points, will arise pilasters surmounted by sculptured groups modelled by Miss Rideout, of San Francisco, the subjects bearing strictly on woman's progress, woman's art, and woman's work.

It is the purpose of this department of the exposition to show to the world what woman has done since man first gave her an opportunity of doing anything; so that there will be on exhibit, so to speak, everything of this sort, from the rather ideal and superorganic movement of Female Suffrage to the practical and somewhat prosaic accomplishment of making bread and doughnuts and frying sausages. The Darning of a Stocking of weak character will be placed in opposition to the Christianizing of China, for instance; Temperance Reform will take sufficient interest in housekeeping to be closely quartered with the Manufacture of Raspberry Jam; and Printing, Sculpture, and Music will not (here at least) disdain the art of plucking chicken feathers and singeing goose necks.

It is not to be expected that the ladies who work for woman suffrage or temperance reform will be seen in the same practical demonstration of their life effort as will the ladies who will combine red cheeks, white aprons, and prettily laundered bonnets with the dexterous handiwork of mixing batter for breakfast muffins. Nor is it the intention that the authors, painters, sculptresses, and designers shall be seen in the very doing of their genius, as will be the ladies who knit, do needle-work, use the sewing-machine, or set type. Yet all of these will be there in their proper place, and will be seen to advantage, if not in the actuality in all cases, at least in the result, or the product, or the stuff.

There is to be a retrospective department on the first floor, where an attempt will be made to show from what woman was to what woman has become—*Posse ad esse*, as the high-school girl graduate puts it in her farewell address. Here (in art, of course, not in reality) will be seen the early woman who was altogether a merely incidental convenience to the man, who did his work for him while he fought with neighboring tribes. Then will be seen the shrinking, timid, trembling Dulcinea, or whatever her name was, who had not sufficient self-assertiveness to have an opinion on politics. Then, by degrees, will come the woman of more modern civilization, beginning, of course, with Queen Isabella, who is directly responsible for the Columbian Exposition, until at last we have the woman born in the electric light, with the shriek of the locomotive in her baby ears, and the daily paper at her hand for reference.

It will be a grand and touching retrospect this, and should teach thrilling lessons to the men who go there, for it will suggest another retrospect—the retrospect of the future, when the future woman will look back at this same Woman's Building and marvel how her weak mother could have been satisfied with an odd corner of Jackson Park.

There will be a library in the building which will contain nothing but the writings of women. Of course the fabrics out of which dresses and bonnets are made will be fully shown. Also the most beautiful samples of fine lace. Also jewelry that has been beautified by feminine touches. But there will be the kindergarten and the kitchen, too, a department for the showing of the charitable work originated by women, an art department, and then exhibits displaying the work of the hands of women in all times and in all climes.

The home of all this sweetness and comfort and beauty, as aforesaid, was designed by a woman. The structure needs but little more labor to make it ready for occupancy. Its dimensions are 200 by 400 feet, and its cost has been about $200,000. Its architecture is classic. There are to it end and centre pavilions, connected in the first story by an open arcade that is surmounted by classic vases. In the first story the style is Doric, and in the second the style is Ionic. The main entrance is made through the centre pavilion, and this portion is treated with a triple archway of the story above, with a row of free-standing Corinthian columns.

Most of the interior on the first floor is occupied by the main gallery. This measures 60 by 240 feet. At the extremes are apartments 80 by 200 feet. In the one at the south will be the retrospective exhibit. The second floor will be given up to parlors, reception-rooms, and administration rooms.

In their announcements the women give this warning: "In the central gallery it is intended to have grouped the most brilliant achievements of women from every country and in every line of work. Exhibits will be admitted only by invitation, which will be considered the equivalent of a prize. No sentimental sympathy for women will cause the admission of second-rate objects, for the highest standard of excellence is to be there strictly maintained."

KINDERGARTEN IN THE PUBLIC SCHOOLS.

There was once a child, and because he was born less fortunate than others, he was less good. And those people who were better, because more fortunate, said among themselves: "It is very sad that he should not be good. Let us be kind to him. What shall we do?" And they said, "Educate him." But what is education? "It is teaching him facts. We will teach him that two and two make four. Then he will be intelligent, and when he is intelligent he will be good." So they taught him that two and two make four, but he did not become any better, nor did he seem much more intelligent. Then they said, "Perhaps it is the bad air." For they were teaching him in the same old haunts where he had lived, where the rooms were small and stifling, so that his muscles were cramped and there was scarcely any air to breathe, and what he did breathe was almost poisonous. And they said: "We will be kinder still. We will build him a separate school-house, in a good locality, with large rooms and plenty of windows, and good air outside of the windows."

This they did, and taught him again that two and two make four. This time he learned it more quickly, because the air was better; but he did not become a good boy, and, although he had a little more intelligence, it seemed almost as though he used his intelligence to increase his ingenuity in evil resources. Then they said, "We will build other schools—moral schools, Sunday-schools—and tell him how beautiful it is to do right, and how terrible to do wrong." But this did not have any perceptible effect upon him. Then they said, "We will frighten him; we will tell him that God will punish him if he does wrong." But he wasn't frightened. And then they said, "We will punish him ourselves; we will build a jail, with bolts and bars, and shut him up if he does wrong."

But still he did wrong, and was shut up; and when he came out he only did more wrong, because all the time he had been in jail he had been angry at having been shut up, and had been thinking what he could do when he should get out to show that he was angry. And then came some one who said, "Let me take him"; and she took him into a room where there was a piano and an American flag and a big heap of damp clay, and she said to him, "Would you like to make a rabbit?" And his eyes sparkled, and he said he should. Then she took some of the damp clay, and began moulding it in her fingers, and she let him take some, and watch how she worked; and so they worked together, and by-and-by his rabbit was almost as good as hers. Then each of them made another rabbit, and she asked, "How many rabbits are there now?" And he said, instantly, "Four rabbits."

This time he had learned his lesson very quickly, and his eyes sparkled as he gave the right answer. Then she told him he could not make any more rabbits that day, but he might come again the next day at the same hour, and they would make some more rabbits, and perhaps a bird. So he went away; but he was so interested in the rabbit-making that all the rest of the day he was thinking about it, and picking up a little mud in the street, and getting a bit of the dough for bread that his mother was making, that he might practise making rabbits, and be ready for the next day. And he was so busy over this, and so happy, that he forgot all about a lie he had meant to tell and a gingerbread cake he had meant to steal. This was what had happened to him: he had learned even more easily than before that two and two make four, but something else had happened to him—he had forgotten to be bad. He had not been given any higher aspirations, any wider knowledge of good and evil, or the results of good and evil; he had simply forgotten about evil, because he had been interested in something else. *Interested*—that is the magic word. The problem of the age is to make virtue, knowledge, philanthropy, interesting. We all know the witty advice, "If you would be wise and good and happy, educate your grandmother." And in this recognition of the immense power of heredity, we are apt to acknowledge the discouraging factor of the impossibility. We cannot educate our grandmother, we say; but there are grandmothers whom we can educate. Let who will make the laws of the nation, so only we can educate the children. And what is education? It is teaching people to know things, you will say. So it is to some extent; but to a far greater extent it is teaching them to feel things—as the little boy in the kindergarten feels far more patriotic waving a little American flag as he marches round the room to a stirring strain from the piano than he feels after he has simply learned the fact from a teacher or book that he has a country and ought to love it.

This, then, is the triple advantage of the system of education which begins with the kindergarten; it teaches facts, it develops the faculty of being amused, it charms with use the power to create. It is foolish literary pathos to excite sympathy for the degradation of the poor by writing, as Mrs. Browning does, of the children of the slums:

> "But the young, young children, O my brothers,
> They are weeping bitterly;
> They are weeping in the play-time of the others,
> In the country of the free."

No; they are not weeping; let us not pretend for a moment that they are. They are perfectly happy, but they are happy in miserable ways. They are shouting, laughing, leaping, grimly rollicking in what they know as "fun," proud of their ingenuity in lying, blissful in their ability to fasten fire-crackers to dogs' tails and tin pans to cats', swearing with delight, boasting in riotous glee of their stolen gingerbread. This is the most tragic thing in their fate; they are not unhappy in their degradation. We are to teach them not to be happy, but to be happy in wise, sweet ways, and that is what the kindergarten begins. Children are not happy in merely learning that two and two make four; but they are happy in learning how to make four rabbits out of two and two bits of damp clay. Which brings us to the third advantage of the kindergarten and its especial adaptation to the poorer classes—its power in developing the faculty to create. "Of what use to the poor boy," it may be asked, "can it possibly be to learn to make rabbits out of clay?" It is of no special moment that he should learn to do so, but it is of great importance that he should learn to make something.

"Could you make as good a pair of shoes as that when you came here?" asked a visitor of a convict in prison.

"No, sir," was the reply. "If I could have, I'd never have been here."

It will be objected that perhaps a practical vent is good for restless thought and hand, but that it is unwise to foster in the poor an artistic taste which may merely make them long restlessly for advantages and things they are never to have. Those who make this plea forget that the kindergarten tends to develop not art merely, but artists; not taste merely, but power; not enjoyment merely, but ability; not things alone, but thinkers. It teaches children not to crave what they cannot get, but to create what otherwise they could not get. It is creating a vent for ambition instead of stifling it.

"What did you think of the new little girl, Charlie?" asked Charlie's mother, when he came home from the kindergarten.

"I don't think much of her," was the lordly reply; "she doesn't even know what a cube is."

This is a typical effect of the system; it does not so much teach children to know things as create in them an ambition to know things. Whatever we may think of it for the rich, it would seem self-evident that it is what is needed for the children of the poor.

HUGH

Oh, whe
It fell
And her
To wi

They tol
And o'
From E
To see

But, "N
Until
A lover
That

Hugh o'
Loved
He vow
Until

He aske
And h
And wh
He wa

Whethe
Or els
She tur
To cr

Hugh o'
Stood
"Oh, yo
And t

But, "N
Bring
And he
To re

Higher
There
The sai
To bi

Over th
The
The go
And

Nearer
Where
There c
And

Woe fo
Woe
Where
And

But Hu
Drew
And th
Neare

He held
From
But he
And

He has
"'Ti
For he
That

Wheth
Or h
Her m
She

Soon t
That
But wh
The

"Oh, y
"Wh
For I
Who

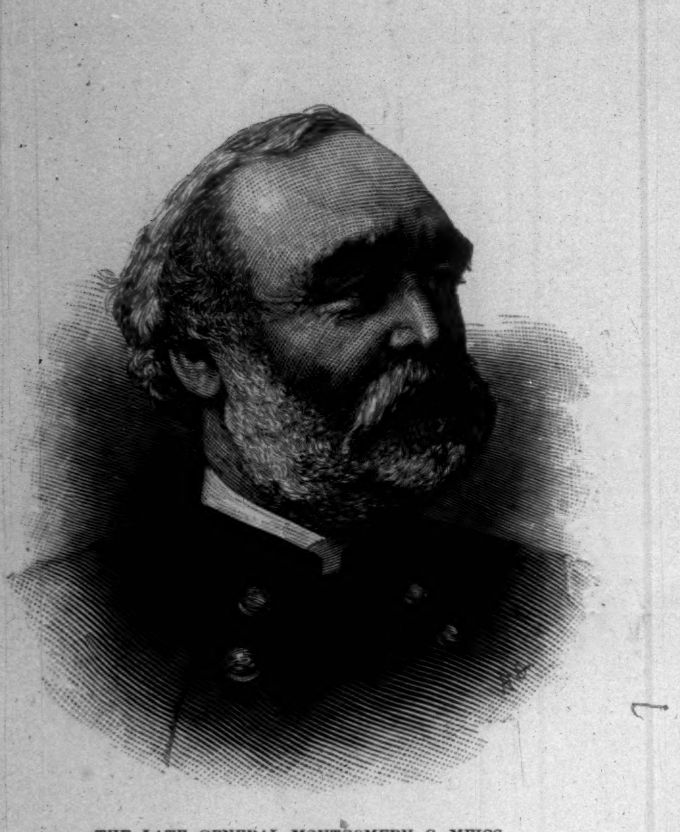
SOME
letics at
set of w
athletic
cal meas
mile boat
kind wi
committe
all practi
nines, an
ments.
members
suaded t
tions Pri
introduc
committi
a provis
other co
measures
Then fo
strenuou
another
lations."
Princeto
lege athl
Harvard
evils exi
fied nor
conseque
fore, did
tures of
and the
as rema
the unh
tions"
bridge.

SINCE
have fai
in tamp
bidden
baseball
and, up

THE DIVINE.—From

Copyright, 1891, by Heins & La Farge, Architects.

rom the Drawing by J. King-James, after the Design of the Architects, Heins & La Farge.



THE LATE GENERAL MONTGOMERY C. MEIGS.

GENERAL MONTGOMERY C. MEIGS.

ONE by one the more distinguished of the old soldiers who made their mark in the great rebellion are joining the great majority. The latest of them to have closed his career is the one to whose splendid powers of administration in organizing and conducting the Quartermaster's Bureau of the army when it numbered a half-million fighting men, the country owes such a great debt. Montgomery Cunningham Meigs was born in Georgia in 1816, the scion of good old Revolutionary stock. After a brief course at the University of Pennsylvania, he was appointed to the Military Academy, and graduated at West Point in 1836. He was among the foremost men of his class. First appointed to the artillery, he received, the next year, a transfer to the engineer corps. He was detached in 1841 to the building of Fort Delaware, and in various other important works along the Atlantic coast. After this he superintended the construction of forts Wayne, Porter, Ontario, and Niagara. After 1849 Captain Meigs was employed in and about Washington as an attaché of the Engineer Bureau, and was assigned to such important duties as the construction of the aqueduct, the building of the new wings and iron dome of the Capitol extension, etc. At the time of the breaking out of the war, Captain Meigs was on service in Florida, and was appointed to the command of the expedition to relieve Fort Pickens. On May 14, 1861, he was appointed Colonel of the Eleventh Infantry, and the following day he was made Quartermaster-General of the army. His peculiar talent for a great and difficult office had been promptly recognized. General Meigs's plan of reorganization for the Quartermaster's Department was also adopted in the Commissary Bureau, and these two enormously complicated machines ran without a hitch during all the stresses of the war. The headquarters of General Meigs were at Washington, and he directed the operation of his bureau from that point, though he made continual visits to the field, and was almost omnipresent when his personal attention was demanded. Among the feats wherein he specially distinguished his executive ability was his provision for McClellan's change of base from the Chickahominy to the James in 1862; his provision for Grant's movements at and around Chattanooga in 1863; and the handling of supplies for the last victorious campaign of Grant in 1864, which shattered the Confederacy. It is not too much to say that the country owes quite as much to the work of General Meigs, and such as him, as to the field service of fighting commanders far more brilliantly known to the world at large. After the close of the war, General Meigs made two trips to Europe, one of them officially as member of a commission for the reform and reorganization of the army. The report of his studies of military organization in Europe ranks among the most masterly of professional papers on the subject, and is well known to students. He was the architect of the new Pension Building, and helped to draw the plans and specifications of the National Museum Building, and of the new State, War, and Navy Building. He was a member of many scientific societies—among them the United States Academy of Sciences—and was a regent of the Smithsonian Institution. General Meigs was ill for about a week, and the pneumonia, which proved fatal, on January 2d took an unexpected turn for the worst. He left a son and two daughters, one of the latter being the wife of the celebrated war correspondent Archibald Forbes.

GATHERING THE LOCAL NEWS.

FEW of the persons who get their daily newspapers in the morning as regularly as they get their breakfasts, and expect, as a matter of course, that they will find in their favorite journal all of the news of the world, comprehend the care which has been taken and the labor spent to gather, compile, and print accounts of all the principal occurrences of the day before. It is not the purpose of this article to tell how all of this is done, but merely to give some account of the method and manner of gathering the local news of New York and its neighborhood as practised in the office of one of the great metropolitan dailies. The writer has not personal knowledge of the exact method employed by all of the New York newspapers, but he knows enough about the practices of each to know that in the main all are the same; the differences being due to traditions of this office and that, and to such slight changes as each new city editor makes when he takes charge. The city editor has come to be a most important person on the staff of a New York newspaper.

In England, when they speak of the city editor, they allude to the gentleman who comments on financial and commercial matters happening in the City, as that part of London is called in which is located the Stock Exchange, the Bank of England, Threadneedle Street, and the largest financial institutions of Great Britain. In New York we would call this person the financial editor, or, likely as not, the Wall Street reporter. If he were the latter, he would be a member of the staff of the city editor, who is the chief of the reporters. He assigns to each reporter his daily task, and it is his duty to see that careful provision is made to get full and accurate accounts of all the happenings of the day in New York and its neighborhood.

Fifteen and even ten years ago not nearly so much value was placed on local news by newspaper proprietors as is the case to-day. Then the city editor and his staff of reporters were thought to be merely of secondary importance, the editorial or leader writers, who commented on the news and discussed public questions, always taking precedence. Those were the days of two or three column editorials, and that a time when publishers thought carefully expressed opinions more valuable than accurately reported facts. All this has changed in late years, and now the editorials are never permitted to encroach on the news pages, but, instead of that, these once all-important essays have been gradually cut down in length, until they are now not much longer than an ordinary paragraph, and all of them together rarely take up more than three or four columns of space. This is an era in which the public evidently cares more for facts than for anything else, and so it has come about that the city editor of a New York newspaper is pretty nearly if not quite the most important member of the staff.

He has under him anywhere from thirty to seventy-five men, and within the area looked after by the city department as usually constituted is New York, Long Island, New Jersey, and all that part of New York State to which a reporter can be sent within two or three hours. For everything which happens within this territory he is responsible. It is rare good fortune when in an emergency he can depend on any mere local man on the spot where anything happens, to cover it satisfactorily. As a rule, he must send one or more men from the main office to investigate and report. It will therefore be seen that with so large a field and the impossibility of leaving anything whatever to chance, the city editor needs to be very wide awake and to keep his wits well in hand. To properly administer his office, he must have enthusiasm and still be cool. Without coolness he will have half his force constantly employed in hunting mare's-nests and chasing rainbows; without enthusiasm he will never be able to get out of his men the best work that is in them. Some things a city editor has to have done are not calculated to inspire much enthusiasm in the mind of a well-regulated man; but he, in his official capacity, when directing an investigation, must be guided by the rule that what is worth doing at all should be well done, and leave the merely ethical part of the matter for consideration after the investigation has been made, and when the facts are in his possession.

Suppose we spend a day with a city editor. He has his breakfast at eight o'clock, and with it all of the daily papers. He takes up his own paper first, and gives a rapid glance at each page to see how the work he mapped out the day before has turned out. Then through his own paper he goes very carefully, not only reading all the local news to the smallest item, but everything else as well. While doing this he concludes that this and that local matter needs to be further elaborated or elucidated. He finds a telegram from Chicago, San Francisco, or London with a bearing on New York interests, and he decides that this must be looked into promptly. When he is through with his own paper, he attacks all the others. He finds what they have which he has missed, or which has been left out of his paper. At this time he feels that he is on trial, and he not infrequently has a very uncomfortable half-hour or so, until he consoles himself with the reflection that no man can always be prescient, and further soothes himself with the recollection of the times he has had the satisfaction of beating his contemporary. It is now past ten o'clock, and the city editor starts for his office, where he is due at eleven. His office assistant has been at his desk for several hours, and he too has been hard at work reading the newspapers and making out a schedule of assignments. They compare notes, together with the memoranda of the night city editor, of whom something will be told directly, and then despatch the reporters to various places, each one assigned to a definite piece of work, or, to use the technical expression of the newspaper world, each one given a definite "story" to write. "Story" in the same sense as it is now employed in newspaper offices was used by Shakespeare, Massinger, and the old English dramatists. When a seemingly unimportant matter is given out, no further instruction is usually thought necessary than to ask the reporter to attend to so and so. But in a matter of prime importance, the city editor usually gives pretty full instructions. When one reporter is given the whole of a "story," his instructions always leave him more or less discretion, but when several men are assigned to different parts of one "story," each one has instructions which must be followed to the letter. It may be said here that it is not infrequently the case that those stories which seemed unimportant at first turn out to be of much greater interest than those for which elaborate preparations have been made. It therefore happens that a reporter starting out in the morning with an assignment is very much in the same uncertainty that he is who holds a lottery ticket.

There are certain posts which need always to be provided for, and to each of these a regular man is assigned, and expected always to be on duty. These regular posts include the Police Headquarters, the City Hall, the criminal and civil courts, the police courts, etc. From Police Headquarters, from the regular reporter there, intelligence is sent to the city editor of all arrests by detectives, all fires, or other accidents. When these are of consequence, men are detailed from the main office to report them; but when they are slight, they are left to the regular man at Police Headquarters. And so with the courts. Of course most of the litigation is devoid of public interest, and the very great majority of criminal trials are not thought worth mentioning. There are also local news agencies in New York and in all of the adjacent neighborhoods. The reports of such of these as are trustworthy are taken by the city departments of the great papers, but it is seldom that any such matter is used without careful verification.

When the morning is gone, some of the reporters who had been sent out early get back with preliminary reports, or to say that there was nothing in the matter upon which they had been despatched. Then the afternoon papers begin to arrive, and hints of things are here found which need further investigation and elaboration, and men are assigned to such duties. During the whole day there has been a stream of visitors to see the city editor. This one complains that an injustice has been done; another wishes some charity noticed; still another has a hint of some news which should be told; and still another hopes that by telling a malicious yarn about a private enemy that he may secure the assistance of the press in holding up that enemy to public scorn. And then come the cranks—the inventive crank; the philanthropic crank; the religious crank; the political crank—the day is full of them, and each one must be seen once at least. All of these visitors must be attended to by the city editor in person or by proxy. His day is full and busy, and as night comes on, he is busier still. With the last editions of the evening papers he completes his schedule of news covered, and has reporters far and near to get the happenings of the evening.

Then comes on duty the night city editor. With him the schedule is gone over and the particulars of each assignment explained. An estimate is made of how much space each "story" will occupy, and an allowance made for the miscellaneous matter that may come in during the evening. The total being footed up, the managing editor, or in some offices the night editor, is consulted, and the whole schedule readjusted according to the amount of space at disposal. It probably never happened that the city editor could get all of the space he desired. All this having been attended to, and six o'clock having arrived, the city editor, with many parting injunctions, yields his desk to the night city editor, and goes home, as a rule, a very tired man.

Though he has finished his part of the task, his responsibility is not ended, for he is held accountable for the way in which his plans are carried out. The copy of the reporters is handed to the night city editor, and he and his assistants edit the copy, and prepare it for the printers. This is most important work, for upon the taste, the good judgment, and discretion of these copy-readers the character of the paper very greatly depends. Some of the very best gatherers of news are but poor writers, and if their accounts were printed just as they were handed in to the night city editor, the readers of the next day's paper would be shocked. This is not always the case, and, indeed, it is not the rule, for the newer men among the reporters in New York are much better educated and equipped for their work than they formerly were.

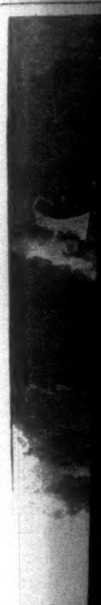
In times not a generation ago reporters were usually happy-go-lucky bohemians, who lived irregular lives, and followed an irregular and precarious calling. Now reporting is an acknowledged profession, and the men who follow it are as serious and self-respecting as those engaged in any other business. But, in any event, the copy must be read and made to conform to the rules of the office. And these rules, by-the-way, vary somewhat in the different offices. Each office has an "index expurgatorious," and if the copy-reader lets a forbidden word or expression pass him, the proof-readers are expected to catch and correct it. The list of forbidden words is very short in most of the offices, but in some it is long and comprehensive. I have known a copy-reader to receive a severe reprimand for permitting a reporter to speak of Mr. John Smith as "John Smith, Esqr., or of "Hon. John Smith." "Esquire," I believe, is forbidden in all of the offices, and the majority of editors recognize that it is only permissible in the United States to place before the name of one man the prefix "Honorable," and that man is the Lieutenant-Governor of Massachusetts, upon whom the title is conferred by law. These instances are merely mentioned by way of illustration, and not because they are of especial importance. But the night city editor and his assistants need to look very closely lest some libellous statement inadvertently slip in. Libel suits are not only annoying to newspaper publishers, but costly, and there is no need, under the liberal construction which the courts have placed upon the libel laws, for any paper ever to go further than the law allows.

During all the evening and far into the night, the night city editor has been kept busy as indicated, and he has also had to send out reporters to look after matters brought to his attention after nightfall. By one o'clock he is pretty well finished with his work, but he lingers an hour longer before he clears up his desk and departs. During that last hour he has assigned reporters to duties which have to be performed earlier in the morning than the city editor would reach the office; he writes memoranda for the city editor, calling his attention to this matter and that, and reporting why it was necessary to make any modification in the plans of his chief. Then he and his assistants go home, and the rooms of the city department are for a few brief hours deserted by all save the scrub-women, who need all the intervening time to clean up and make these quarters ready for the business of the morrow.

EX-CITY EDITOR.

T

ON t
n
w
C
a
ing between
Carolina. B
question the
feet of water
from Charles
dina, Florida
From a mi
not be overes
munication b
torpedo boats
ating on the
emy anywhe
an inland pa
dina, with th
Carolina coa
north, and C
Valuable
be admitted
than as a mi
lated by one
"The *Mo*
the southwa
far up St. Pi
nesday mor



South Ed
later in th
east blow.
malaw Ri
the aftern
drill by t
"Thur
from the
running
vals as lit
any atten
was as la
inland p
Flats, and
Baldwin
tide at th
hours of
"At 6.
heading
Kedges
kept at
ready fo
ed in the
feet on
under '
around
was not
sides of
ored po
law gath
apparitio
creeks a
"The
up the
to starbo
the vess
the forc
from sta
to over
the ked
ing an
marsh.
and soo
the ban
on the
lead sh
"For
law bel
dredge
attemp
war ve
all the
enced

ake
he
the
her
and
ked
al-
em
low
aid,

ery
the
not
ght
ur,
nd
he
at
out
et,
at
ise
xt
so
ad
ad
n-
ly
ut
d
n
e
d
e-
g
e
e,
e
d
r
f
t
f
r

HUGH O' THE WINDMILL.

OH, when she loosed her golden hair,
It fell below the knee!
And her voice lured all the singing-birds
To win the melody.

They told the tale o'er hill and dale,
And o'er the mountains wide;
From East and West the wooers came
To seek so fair a bride.

But, "Nay," she said; "I will not wed
Until there come for me
A lover who brings me yellow gold
That floats upon the sea."

Hugh o' the Windmill, with the rest,
Loved her so passing well,
He vowed he would never leave her side
Until his wish befell.

He asked her once, and sair she frowned;
And he straightway asked her twice;
And when she said she would not wed,
He waited to ask her thrice.

Whether she tired of her lovers all,
Or elsewhere queen would be,
She turned away from her father's hall
To cross the narrow sea.

Hugh o' the Windmill in the ship
Stood by the helmsman strong.
"Oh, yonder I see the fair green land,
And the voyage will not be long."

But, "Nay," he said; "yon murky cloud
Brings on a sudden gale;"
And he turned the helm, and shouted loud
To reef the flapping sail.

Higher and broader the black cloud spread—
There came a sudden blast;
The sailors tugged at the stubborn sail
To bind it to the mast.

Over the sultry level sea
The white foam leaped and flew;
The good ship bowed with a sudden fear,
And a mighty tempest blew.

Nearer they drew to the level sands,
Where the breakers leaped and cried—
There came a swift and sudden gust,
And the ship lay on her side.

Woe for the knights and ladies fair;
Woe for the good ship's fate;
Where all must lie in the choking sea,
And win the land too late.

But Hugh o' the Windmill from the wreck
Drew the fair lady clear;
And the wild waves bear them toward the land
Nearer, and yet more near.

He held her up on his strong right arm,
From the salt breakers free;
But her yellow hair is loosened out,
And floats upon the sea.

He has kissed her once; he has kissed her twice.
"'Tis wedded we must be;
For here I hold the yellow gold
That floats upon the sea."

Whether she would or dared na' strive,
Or had no word to say,
Her mouth was so full of the salt water
She could not answer nay.

Soon they were wed, and I never read
That she chided more than most;
But when he kissed her lips in the church,
The gray clerk heard him boast,

"Oh, ye are my jewel of price," he said,
"Whom none shall take from me;
For I hold thee pearl of pearls, my love,
Whom I drew from out the sea."

ISAAC O. RANKIN.

AMATEVR·SPORT

SOME YEARS AGO a committee on athletics at Cambridge brought out a certain set of what they called "Regulations for athletic sports." These contained such radical measures as to allow no more than four-mile boat-races; to permit no contests of any kind without the approval, by a Faculty committee, of the governing rules; to forbid all practice baseball games with professional nines, and several other startling announcements. By a peculiar hocus-pocus, some members of the Princeton Faculty were persuaded to promise that under certain conditions Princeton would join with Harvard in introducing these measures. Before finally committing themselves, however, they made a proviso that unless a certain number of other colleges agreed to adopt the same measures, they should not be put in force. Then followed a period in which Harvard strenuously urged upon first one and then another college the adoption of these "regulations." Upon more deliberate reflection, Princeton realized that to force upon college athletics strictures which were made by Harvard, and for the purpose of remedying evils existing at Harvard, was neither dignified nor profitable, and their support was consequently withdrawn. Harvard, therefore, did not succeed in obtaining the signatures of the requisite number of colleges, and the remarkable "regulations" and quite as remarkable committee went the way of the unhonored prophet, for the "regulations" were not even adopted at Cambridge.

SINCE THAT TIME committees at Harvard have fairly revelled to their hearts' content in tampering with athletics. They have forbidden Harvard to play practice games of baseball with the wicked professional nines, and, upon petition, rescinded the ruling, adding their tearful supplications for a continuation of the college men in the paths of righteousness; they have forbidden Harvard teams of all kinds to play outside of New England, and, upon petition, permitted the track athletes to compete in New York, but refused the baseball and football men a like privilege, because, likely, of their greater susceptibility to the seducing blandishments of a large city; they have forbidden men on probation to take part in games, but, upon petition, permitted those whose services were considered valuable to the eleven to play football. Finally, they have very recently rescinded the much-damned New England rule. Their influence has kept Harvard athletics at a low ebb for years, and hurt the credit, if one may use that term in such connection, of their organizations in dealing with other colleges.

THIS LITTLE BIT of ancient history is paraded to emphasize some points demonstrated by the very inconsistent past, and in the sincere hope that in the ratification of peace between Harvard and Princeton the Harvard Athletic Committee will not endeavor to legislate beyond replacing Harvard upon ground to compete, ground taken from her by the too-too legislation of this selfsame committee. They have made a complete failure of every attempt at dabbling in regulations for sport at Harvard, and the more untrammelled they leave their captains to make arrangements, the better will those arrangements be made.

THERE HAS BEEN considerable stir among racquet players in the last week or two anent the arrival in our midst of Mr. Percy Ashworth, who is conceded to be England's most skilful exponent of the game. We have been led to believe such remarkable things of the expertness of English players, and the general interest and play in the game over there, that we were quite prepared to acknowledge Mr. Ashworth's prowess even before he had played a game in our courts. We were a little astonished, however, to read an interview with him in one of the morning papers, in which he was made to say that there were many more players over here and much greater interest taken in the game than in England. Surely the reporter must have wrongly constructed his remarks, or else our traditions go for naught. It has always been our understanding that the game is much more popular there than here. Many of the preparatory schools, like Eton, for instance, have courts, besides which there are the clubs in town. On the other hand, it is possible that the splendor and size of the New York Racquet Club gave him an exalted impression of the popularity of the game on this side. The English racquet clubs are not to be compared with ours, and the game has languished a bit because of their very unattractiveness and inaccessibility. The court of one of London's largest clubs is almost an hour's journey for the playing members, and the attendance has very naturally suffered. This is probably the solution of Mr. Ashworth's assertion that the game is more popular over here. We have really but three clubs devoted to racquets in this country—the New York Racquet and Tennis Club, the Boston Athletic Association, of which the racquet contingent is the most influential in the club, and the Philadelphia Racquet Club, the youngest of the three.

MR. ASHWORTH'S GAME was a revelation to racquet players who watched his match with Mr. B. S. De Garmendia. His service is particularly severe, and probably would be called the strongest feature of his play, simply because it is so very effective. Really, though, it is no stronger than his return playing; no ball seems too difficult for him to secure, and his placing is marvellously good. He is at times positively brilliant, but always steady and skilful. Some idea of his ability may be gained from the result of the match with our champion. Mr. De Garmendia has won all our championship tournaments for so long that we had grown to consider him wellnigh invincible. We thought very likely he might go down before England's champion, but not without securing at least a game or two out of the five. They were to play the best in five games; they played four, and Mr. De Garmendia's score never got higher than seven in any one of the games, and in the entire four the sum total of his points was seventeen, as against Mr. Ashworth's sixty! It was rather a fall to our pride to watch the ineffectual struggle of our champion, but it was a victory well won and honestly deserved. Of course Mr. De Garmendia was not in prime condition, and something of this should be taken into consideration; in form he would unquestionably make a much closer fight with Mr. Ashworth, but at their best, we regret to say, England's champion would prove too strong for America's.

IF THE BOARD OF CONTROL representing the New York, Coney Island, and Brooklyn jockey clubs, and the Monmouth Park Racing Association will stand firmly by the notice it has issued, requiring owners to choose between the large tracks and Guttenburg, it will have made the greatest stroke of its existence to elevate the sport of horse-racing. It is safe to say that winter racing, as carried on at Guttenburg, has done much to dishonor horse-racing. It has taken from it almost entirely the air of sport, and invested it with the hard business atmosphere of the book-maker. Of course we all realize the necessity of the book-maker at all tracks, but we do not like to be made to understand that the horses are raced for his profit. In other words, the future of horse-racing is sure to be uncertain unless it continues to have the semblance of sport. When it begins to be a business, pure and simple, with no pretence made to sustain the element of sport, then we shall see Morris Park, Gravesend, and Sheepshead overrun by the same class of men that we may find at Guttenburg, a class composed largely—in fact, almost entirely—of "sporting gents," who live on the races as their fellows in town live by their skill over the green cloth.

IT HAS ALWAYS BEEN within the power of a jockey club to choose which element was the worthier of pleasing. There will always be—there must be, of course—a large class of men who go to the races for the single purpose of winning money, but there is a still larger class that goes there primarily to enjoy the glorious sport, with the betting as an incidental stimulant of the day. It is on this latter element that the future of horse-racing depends, and from selfish reasons, if for no others, it behooves jockey clubs not to lose sight of the sport in the strife for the almighty dollar. The Board of Control has shown a proper conception of the racing spirit, and the recent resolution providing that owners, their horses, trainers, and jockeys, racing in the metropolitan circuit during the months of December, January, and February, shall be debarred from all privileges on courses over which the Board of Control has jurisdiction, strikes at the root of the greatest evil now flourishing.

THERE IS YET ANOTHER matter that should command the early attention of the Board of Control, and that is the 1-2-3 betting, which has had the condemnation of the press and all honest sportsmen for time out of mind. This kind of betting is quite as hazardous as the wheel of fortune, and not a whit more respectable. There is no law compelling jockeys to "ride out," and it is very seldom that the third-best horse in the race finishes in that place. When a jockey realizes that he cannot get either first or second, it is nine hundred and ninety-nine chances in a thousand that he will pull up and let those go ahead of him that will. The permitting of betting on the third horse is an encouragement to the most undesirable kind of betting on the track, as well as a feeder to those men seeking every loop-hole to manipulate dishonest schemes under the cloak of the unwritten law. If the Board of Control, in its crusade for the glory and honor—and profit too (for more profit does eventually come with clean dealing)—of the sport, will take up this kind of betting, and act upon it in the same uncompromising manner that has characterized its dealings with the Guttenburg contingent, it will render honest horse-racing an inestimable service, and earn the gratitude of all sportsmen.

RUFFED AND PINNATED GROUSE (partridge and prairie-chicken), woodcock, and venison are out of season. Dealers that sell them to you for your private table and restaurants that serve them to you at your little supper are transgressing the law, and are subject to arraignment for a misdemeanor and a fine in addition. The attention of all readers of this department is earnestly called to this fact. If people did not call for these birds and venison out of season, it stands to reason that dealers would not keep them. The supply is, of course, invariably regulated by the demand. Probably not ten per cent. of those who order a bird know whether it is in season or out until they pay for it, and of the others only a few wantons would persist in the order if they realized what they were encouraging. Every year the question of our game supply is becoming more serious. Reports show a steady decrease in many localities, and a section that holds its own is considered fortunate. Sportsmen throughout the country are spending time, money, and energy in their efforts to perpetuate the game of the country and educate the people to a proper understanding of the situation. It is at least encouraging that the average man of intelligence will refrain from transgressing these laws when once the true state of affairs has been explained to him. There are exceptions, to be sure, but they come under the head with that disreputable class of "pot hunters" whom nobody respects, and for whose reception every sportsman when afield should carry a few cartridges loaded with fine shot.

THE BIRDS SERVED during closed season in the cities come invariably from the cold-storage houses, where they have been lying on ice until there is about as much flavor in them as there is in a piece of dried liver. Your dealer or your *restaurateur* will, of course, tell you that they are a few some pot-hunting "friend of his" bagged and sent in to him for quiet disposal, at a good round sum; but, you may depend upon it, he is not telling you the truth, and if you trouble yourself to investigate you will discover that he is not. The only reason restaurants serve birds out of season is because they have perhaps a few patrons who consider a dinner without a "bird" entirely inadequate to *gourmands* of their social distinction. If these really wish to pose as *gourmands*, they are doing nothing so belittling to that reputation as eating birds out of season. Every epicure, and every man who has been about enough to know how to order a little dinner, knows that a cold-storage-house grouse is absolutely without flavor, dry and tasteless.

If, therefore, I cannot appeal to the sportsmanship of HARPER'S WEEKLY readers sufficiently to prevail on them not to transgress the laws, which mean so much for the future of our game, can I not reach them through their palate, and have an honest confession that the only recommendation of game birds out of season is the height of their cost, which lends a fictitious flavor to the otherwise tasteless meat.

IT USED TO BE the same way with fish. The *jeunesse dorée* of our cities believed the consumption of fish out of season eminently fitting to their superior worldly education. Frozen fish are probably about as obnoxious to the normal palate as one can possibly imagine, and, after a time, when the young men discovered the eating public generally did not at all envy them, the "properness" of the thing palled on them, and they contented themselves with eating only such fish as were in season. Undoubtedly those that now eat thawed-out birds, aged one year or so, will in time come to a similar conclusion.

MR. O. S. CAMPBELL SAILED for Europe a few weeks ago; and as he will spend the winter, or at least a considerable portion of it, at Cannes, he is certain to meet some of England's best players. It is the opinion of this department that he will create considerable respect for American lawn-tennis, and we shall watch his contests with great interest, as he is undoubtedly the most skilful exponent of the game we have. Not many months ago some Englishman, who had been over here for a few weeks to discover whether Indians really paraded Broadway in full war-paint now and again, rushed into print on his return home with the opinion that England had many lawn-tennis players who could give Mr. Campbell fifteen and a beating. It is so easy to express opinions, especially when no one pays any attention to them. As Mr. Campbell will remain abroad until early summer, opportunities for giving him fifteen will be abundant; but the chances are the beating will not be an accompaniment. Mr. Campbell's departure, by-the-way, leaves the Tropical Championship at the mercy of one of the lesser lawn-tennis lights. For three years he has won the St. Augustine tournament, and if he secures it once again, the beautiful trophy becomes his personal property. There are none so near him that he cannot afford to lose a year and yet capture the prize eventually.

AT THE RECENT HORSE SHOW the exhibition of colts jumping bars inside of a corral was little understood by the spectators, and certainly not by the reporters, for the daily newspapers were rather harsh in their criticism. It is because these people misunderstood the nature and intention of the exhibition that space is given here at this late day to a brief explanation. The idea was suggested by one of the best-known sportsmen in this vicinity, and the intention was not to jump the colts for height or anything of that kind, but to show the public how hunters are schooled, and to give a practical demonstration of the elementary education of the animal before he is trusted in the field. It is a method pursued by several hunting men whose superior stables are well known.

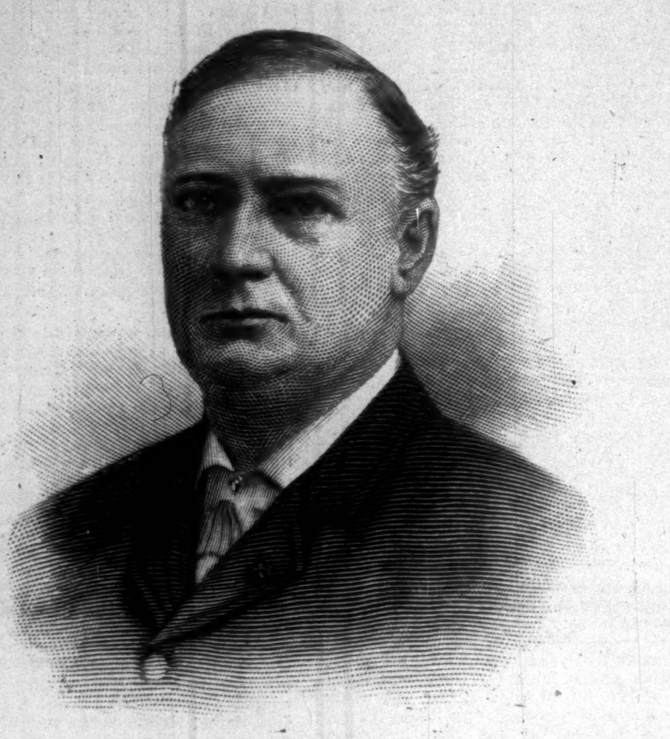
SPORTSMEN OF NEW YORK STATE will not forget that the summary removal of Eugene Blackford from the Fish Commission is the departing snarl of David Bennett Hill, leaving Albany for the more prolific field of Washington. Ex-Governor Hill could have left us no more appropriate souvenir of his administration, nor one more calculated to keep alive our tender solicitude for his welfare in the larger political arena. Without compensation, Mr. Blackford has served on the Fish Commission for over twelve years, and rendered inestimable service. The protection of our fish, the care of our hatcheries, is a matter of great concern to the people of this State. That a practical and thoroughly efficient man should be dislodged for a political henchman, who seeks the office merely for the paltry political patronage it controls, and like as not does not know the difference between a trout and a codfish, is thoroughly disapproved of by anglers and every one else interested in our fisheries. It has always been the wish of the Commissioners to keep politics out of these matters affecting the protection of our game, and appointments have been made with respect to the fitness of the candidate. The work has been particularly successful, and our game and fish have thrived. It has remained, however, for Mr. Hill to establish a precedent, and attempt to turn the Commission into a political machine for the sake of some dozen appointments yielding from $500 to $2000 annual salary. We congratulate Mr. Hill on his removal to Washington. We will fortify the Commission against any similar attacks from his successor. We believe, however, that Mr. Flower is a sportsman with some slight consideration of the fitness of things.

CASPAR W. WHITNEY.

THE "D.K.E." SOCIETY AT HARVARD.

MR. WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON, of Boston, has written a letter to the president and faculty of Harvard College, alleging that certain practices of the D. K. E. Society, the "Dickey" it is familiarly called at Harvard, are objectionable.

The D.K.E. (Delta Kappa Epsilon) of Harvard is the Alpha Chapter of an organization which has chapters at all of the larger American colleges. It is a purely social club, and is managed by members of the Sophomore class. The method of selection of members is this: Towards the end of each scholastic year the Sophomore members of the society select ten men of the Freshman class to be members of the "Dickey." These are called "the first ten"; and it is a mark of considerable distinction to be chosen among the number, as this half-score is supposed to be the very pick of some five hundred students, and to represent what is socially best in the Freshman class. The election of each one must be unanimous; and a young man who has shown any disposition to be unmanly, or to be a sneak, stands very little show of selection. These "first ten" select, at the beginning of the Sophomore year, a second ten, and the twenty thus chosen select a third ten, and so on till forty members of the Sophomore class are included in the society. These Sophomores manage the affairs of the society and pay the charges. The members of the older classes, however, continue to participate in the festivities.



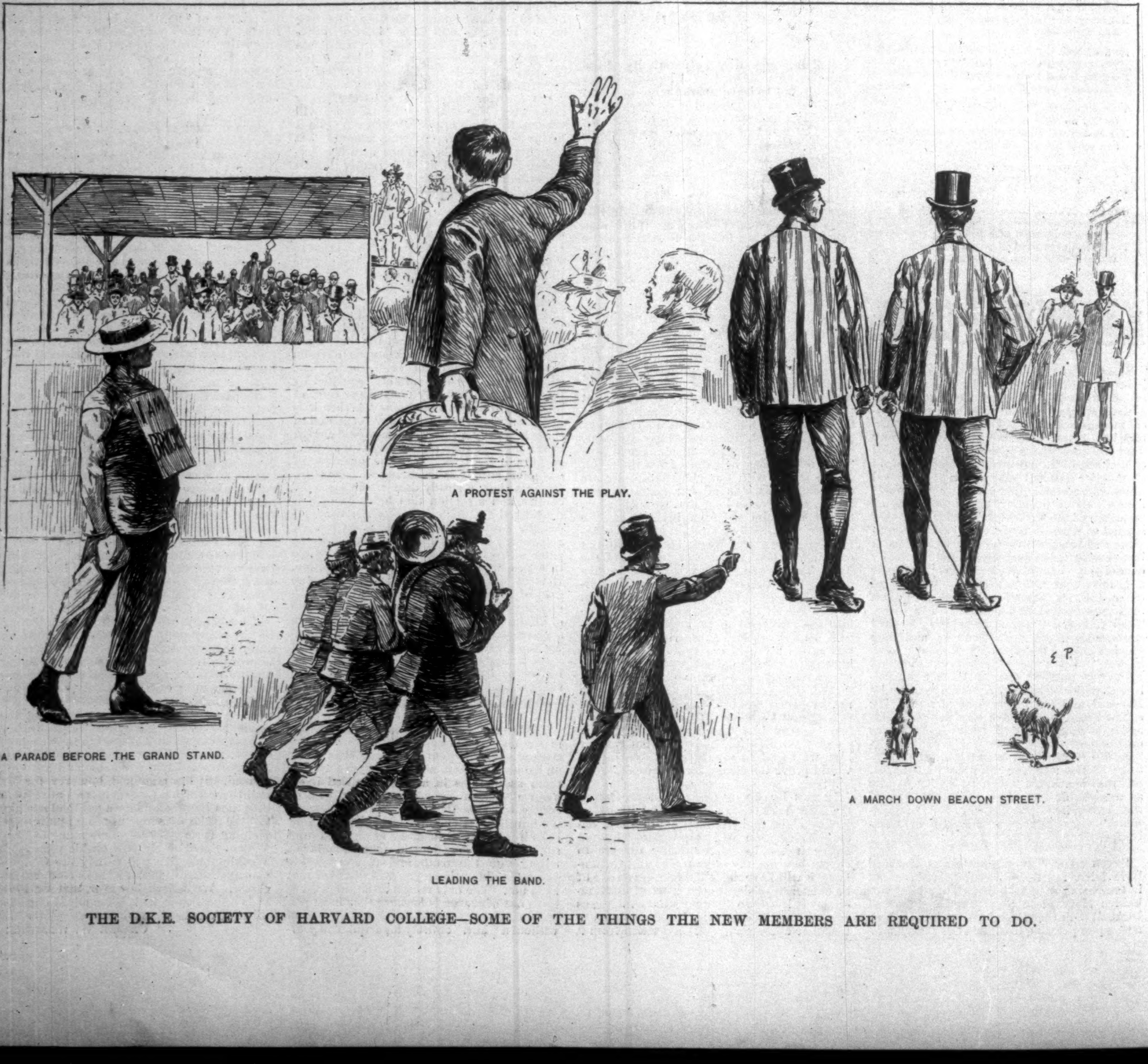
THE HON. BISHOP W. PERKINS, APPOINTED UNITED STATES SENATOR FROM KANSAS.—[SEE PAGE 46.]

When a man has been selected for the D.K.E. he is not notified by letter of his election, but called upon in the night-time by a committee of the whole society. A line is formed from his room to the street or yard, and the candidate is taken out of his bed and passed along the line, frequently one hundred and fifty men long, until he reaches the ground. Then he is left to scurry back to his room. Now he is said to be "running for the Dickey," and this novitiate period lasts five days—from Friday to Wednesday. During that time the man who is "running" must do everything he is bidden to do by any member of the society. Much ingenuity is displayed by the young men in devising schemes which will test the grit of the "runner," and each man is compelled to do some ridiculous thing for the amusement of those who have themselves passed through the ordeal, and love to jest at scars they never felt.

For instance, two young men, well known at Cambridge as the Sears twins, were commanded to dress up as grooms, and take the back seat of a dog-cart, which was driven into Boston, and a young lady well known to the Messrs. Sears was taken to drive. They acted their parts with irreproachable nicety, and jumped down to hold the horses, touched their hats, and scampered to their places again, with a skill and decorum worthy of long training. These same young men were chained together, and commanded to pull toy carts through Beacon Street, in Boston.

Mr. George Norman, a brother-in-law of Mr. "Freddie" Prince, one of the most celebrated of Boston's smart set, was compelled to dress up in Knickerbockers, and proclaim in the yard of Harvard and through the streets of Cambridge, "I'm Rollo, the Danish idiot." Another young man was requested to purchase a ticket for the front row of the theatre at which Mr. and Mrs. Kendall were playing, and to arise just before the close of the first act and say, aloud: "This is too tedious, too rotten bad for me. It's the worst I ever saw." It is needless to say that the young man was promptly ejected; and there was where the fun came in for those who had gone to see the sport; the theatre was full of his friends. Young Mr. Eustis, the son of the United States Senator from Louisiana, was required to take a German band in front of Beck Hall, and lead it with a lighted cigarette for his bâton and a banana in his mouth. Young Mr. Brice, the son of Mr. Calvin S. Brice, Senator from Ohio, was compelled to wear a short-sleeved blazer and a straw hat and walk up and down in front of the grand stand at the Wesleyan football match with a placard attached to him, proclaiming in big letters, "I am Brice." His father, the Senator, is now the president of the D.K.E. Society in New York city. Other men have been obliged to go around and kiss the babies on the street; and one is told of who was obliged to embrace the carcass of a black bear hanging in front of a butcher's shop, and to address the bear in tender and endearing words.

These things are seen by all who happen to be around, and they attract no particular notice either in Cambridge or Boston. When a well-appearing young man is seen to be doing something rather silly or idiotic, the people smile as they pass by, and say: "He's running for the Dickey." That explains everything, however extraordinary, and there has never been any particular desire heretofore manifested to put a stop to play which if it did no good did not appear to be doing any particular harm. But during this novitiate, and previous to the final initiation, the man who is "running" is fully informed of the horrors which he will experience as the final test which shall prove his worthiness to be a full member of so ancient an order. And it can be depended upon that a short bow is not drawn in the telling of what will happen. He is to be branded. He knows that, and he knows that that is the final test. He is often advised to paint his arm from shoulder to elbow thickly with tincture of iodine, so that the burn will not hurt. And



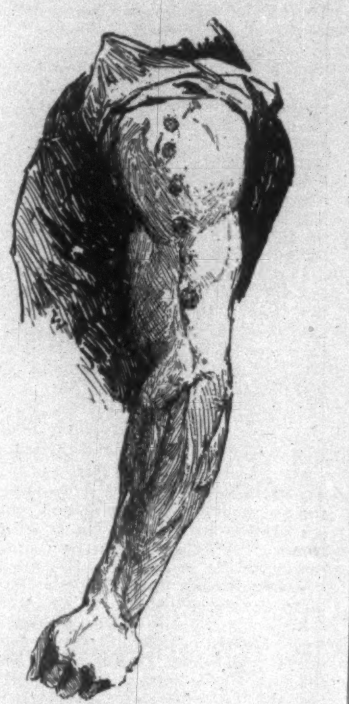
A PROTEST AGAINST THE PLAY.

A PARADE BEFORE THE GRAND STAND.

A MARCH DOWN BEACON STREET.

LEADING THE BAND.

THE D.K.E. SOCIETY OF HARVARD COLLEGE—SOME OF THE THINGS THE NEW MEMBERS ARE REQUIRED TO DO.



THE "BRAND" OF THE D. K. E. SOCIETY OF HARVARD.—SKETCHED FROM LIFE.

it is not infrequent that this advice is taken. As practised now at Harvard, six brands are made with a lighted cigar. The "victim" is blindfolded, his arm bared, and a freshly lighted cigar pressed against the arm till the cigar goes out. This is repeated six times, and the result is six little scars, which those who have them wear as badges of honorable distinction until they forget all about them. Members of the boat crew and football team are not burned, for sometimes these burns are sore for a little while, and might interfere with training and the rough work of the football field.

There seems to be no doubt that in the last few years the process of initiation has undergone some slight changes. Men who were at Harvard between 1870 and '80, and who were then Dickeys, say that there was never any actual burning of the arm except by accident, and such accidents did not happen once in fifty times. One member of the class of '77 said that he could not remember whether he was actually burned or not. But the practice seems to have then been to hold the cigar very close to the arm, so that its warmth should be felt. When an actual burn was made, it would be because the hand of the officiating dignitary had slipped, or some eager members had pushed him while he was performing the great function.

FLOORED.

DYSPEPSIA is speedily floored by Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, purest, pleasantest of stomachics, most effective of tonics. Heartburn, flatulence, the "sinking" sensation in the pit of the stomach experienced by dyspeptics, in brief, all symptoms—and they are many and perplexing—of indigestion are banished by the Bitters, which is particularly efficacious for biliousness, malaria, rheumatism, and kidney complaints.—[*Adv.*]

THE WORLD'S GREATEST PASSENGER TRAIN.

HOW FOREIGNERS VIEW THE PENNSYLVANIA "LIMITED."

ONE of the greatest revelations to foreigners when journeying through this country is the luxurious method of travelling enjoyed by Americans. They are staggered with the "Pennsylvania Limited" and the conveniences afforded by this greatest passenger train of the world.

A uniformed maid is always on this train, ready to do service to ladies and children, and the observation car is the sanctum for lounging and comfort. Men revel in the cosiest of smoking and library cars, with daily and periodical literature before them, and bulletined as wired to the train the stock and business movements of the hour, while a stenographer and typewriter, whose services are entirely free, is at a desk close by to receive, transcribe, and dispatch letters and telegrams at their bidding. These letters may be mailed in a United States mail-box on the train provided for the use of passengers. The bath and barber apartments are the greatest of conveniences. It is no wonder this luxurious mode of travelling has made the "Pennsylvania Limited" famous and is such a revelation to our English cousins. This train leaves New York, foot of Cortlandt and Desbrosses Streets, daily, at 10.00 A.M., Philadelphia 12.20 noon, for Chicago, Cincinnati, and the West.—[*Adv.*]

MRS. WINSLOW'S SOOTHING SYRUP has been used for over fifty years by millions of mothers for their children while teething, with perfect success. It soothes the child, softens the gums, allays all pain, cures wind colic, and is the best remedy for diarrhœa. Sold by druggists in every part of the world. Twenty-five cents a bottle.—[*Adv.*]

MILLIONS of bottles of BURNETT'S COCOAINE have been sold during the last twenty years, in every civilized country, and the public have rendered the verdict that it is the cheapest and best Hair Dressing in the world.—[*Adv.*]

WHEN baby was sick, we gave her Castoria,
When she was a Child, she cried for Castoria,
When she became Miss, she clung to Castoria.
When she had Children, she gave them Castoria.—[*Adv.*]

"BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES."

FOR Bronchial, Asthmatic, and Pulmonary Complaints, "BROWN'S BRONCHIAL TROCHES" have remarkable curative properties. 25 cents a box.—[*Adv.*]

BROWN'S HOUSEHOLD PANACEA,

"The Great Pain Reliever," for internal and external use; cures cramps, colic, colds; all pain. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

DR. LYON'S PERFECT TOOTH POWDER.

Whitens the teeth and purifies the breath. 25c.—[*Adv.*]

MOTHERS give Angostura Bitters to their children to stop colic and looseness of the bowels.—[*Adv.*]

BURNETT'S FLAVORING EXTRACTS are invariably acknowledged the purest and the best.—[*Adv.*]

THE CROWN LAVENDER SALTS.—A new revelation of health, comfort, and refreshment.—[*Adv.*]

THE Best Worm Lozenges for Children are Brown's Vermifuge Comfits, 25c. a box.—[*Adv.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Colds and Coughs
croup,
sore throat,
bronchitis, asthma,
and hoarseness
cured by
Ayer's Cherry Pectoral
the safest
and most effective
emergency medicine.
It should be in every
family.
Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co
Lowell, Mass.

WE TELL THE **TRUTH** about Seeds. We will send you Free our Seed Annual for 1892, which tells THE WHOLE **TRUTH.** We illustrate and give prices in this Catalogue, which is handsomer than ever. It tells NOTHING BUT THE **TRUTH.**

Write for it to-day.
(P. O. Box 1234)
D.M.FERRY & CO., Detroit, Mich.

Is there any way to distinguish between good varnish and poor, on a house for instance?

We shall be glad to send you, free, the "People's Text-Book on Varnish," from which you will become intelligent, not on varnish itself, but on varnished things; know what to expect of and how to care for proper varnish on house-work, piano, furniture, carriage, etc.; and how to get it in buying these things.

The intention is to help you avoid the losses that come of poor varnish, no matter who uses it.

MURPHY VARNISH COMPANY,
FRANKLIN MURPHY, President.

Head Office: Newark, N. J.
Other Offices: Boston, Cleveland, St. Louis, and Chicago.
Factories: Newark and Chicago.

PLAYS-For-PLAYS

Amateur Theatricals, Temperance Plays, Drawing-Room Plays, Fairy Plays, Ethiopian Plays, Guide Books, Speakers, Pantomimes, Charades, Jarley's Wax Works, Burnt Cork, Theatrical Face Preparations, Wigs, Beards, Moustaches, and Paper Scenery. New Catalogues, containing many novelties, full description and prices sent FREE! FREE!

T. H. FRENCH, 28 West 23d St., N. Y.

When writing, please mention this publication.

Roof Cresting.

WIRE AND IRON FENCES

Of the newest and most artistic designs. Send for catalogue of Roof Cresting, Tower Ornaments, Wire and Iron Fences, Stable Fixtures, Window Guards, Balcony Railing, Brass Railing, Grilles, and all kinds of Ornamental Wire and Iron work.

E. T. BARNUM, DETROIT, MICH.

Piso's Remedy for Catarrh is the Best, Easiest to Use, and Cheapest.

CATARRH

Sold by druggists or sent by mail, 50c. E. T. Hazeltine, Warren, Pa.

PLAYS for Private Theatricals. Descriptive catalogue FREE. H. ROORBACH, Publisher, 9 Murray St., New York, N. Y.

VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA

"Best & Goes Farthest."

MR. MICAWBER.

"Something has Turned up! The Golden opportunity Has arrived. The Tide of fortune is At the flood. The—in Short, Wilkins Micawber is the sole Agent for VAN HOUTEN'S COCOA *In the southern Hemisphere."*

PERFECTLY PURE.

The Standard Cocoa of the World.
A Delicious Beverage.
Stimulating and Invigorating.

VAN HOUTEN'S PATENT PROCESS utilizes in the highest possible degree all the flesh forming elements, while highly developing the flavor and aroma.

Sold in 1-8, 1-4, 1-2 and 1 lb. Cans. ☞ If not obtainable enclose 25 cts. to either VAN HOUTEN & ZOON, 106 Reade Street, New York, or 45 Wabash Ave., Chicago, and a can, containing enough for 35 to 40 cups will be mailed. *Mention this publication.* Prepared only by VAN HOUTEN & ZOON, Weesp, Holland. A4.

PLAYS Dialogues, Speakers, for School, Club and Parlor. Catalogue free. T. S. DENISON, Publisher, Chicago.

THE REMINGTON

STANDARD

TYPEWRITER

Send for Illustrated Catalogue.

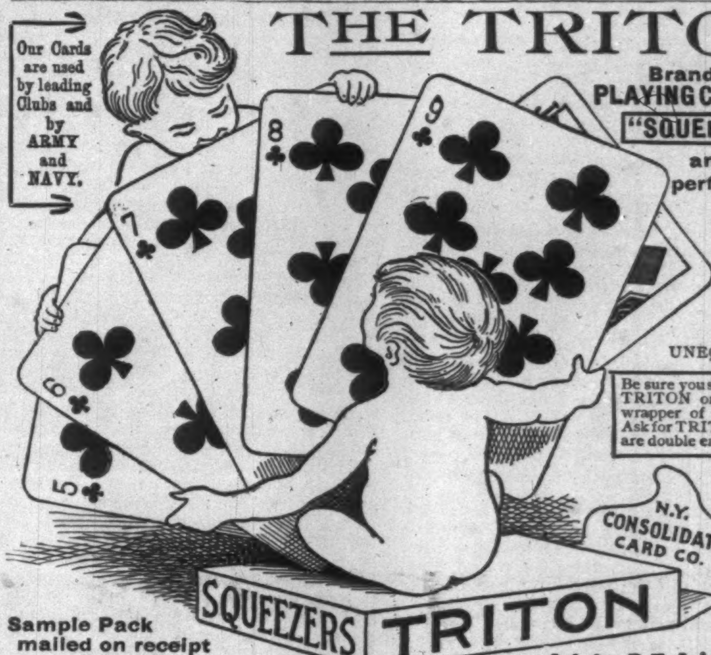
Is to-day, as it has ever been, the leading Typewriter.

Carefully-tested improvements are constantly added to this famous machine.

TRY OUR "PARAGON" BRAND OF TYPEWRITER RIBBONS.

Wyckoff, Seamans & Benedict,
327 Broadway, New York.

THE TRITON



Our Cards are used by leading Clubs and by ARMY and NAVY.

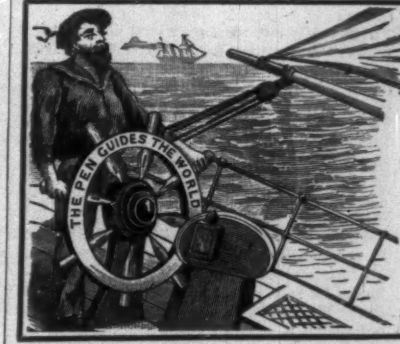
Brand of PLAYING CARDS ARE "SQUEEZERS" and have perfect slip, superb finish. FOR PRICE AND QUALITY UNEQUALLED.

Be sure you see the word TRITON on box and wrapper of each pack. Ask for TRITONS, they are double enameled.

West 14th Street, N. Y.

Sample Pack mailed on receipt of 25 Cents.

ALL DEALERS.



THE PEN GUIDES THE WORLD

BALL-POINTED

HEWITT'S] **PENS** [PATENT.

Ahead of all others for easy writing.

EQUAL TO GOLD PENS.

For fine writing, - Nos. 506 E.F., 516 E.F.
For fluent " - " 506 F., 516 F., 521 F.
For stub " - " 537 M., 545 M.
Assorted sample box, 25 cents.

Of all Stationers.

"Daylight" Kodaks.

We have just perfected a new Kodak which can be loaded and emptied in *daylight.*

This great improvement obviates the use of a dark room which is required to change the load in any other camera. Other important improvements have been also embodied in the "Daylight" Kodaks. Prices $8.50, $15.00, and $25.00.

Send for circulars.

THE EASTMAN COMPANY,
ROCHESTER, N. Y.

The most perfect toilet powder is LA **VELOUTINE FAY**

Special Poudre de Riz

Prepared with bismuth by *CH. FAY, Perfumer*, 9, r. de la Paix, Paris

USE NONE OTHER

Caution.—None Genuine but those bearing the word « FRANCE » and the signature CH. FAY.

IT is the business of The Travellers' Bureaus of the News Series (Herkimer, N. Y. Office) to furnish, without charge, trustworthy information about winter resorts.

THE INK used on this paper is manufactured by FREDK. H. LEVEY & CO., 59 Beekman Street, N. Y.

PHILIP MESMER'S FIRST SUIT.

BY EDMUND LYONS.

WHAT had become of Mabel Stone? That was the problem that puzzled the people of Squalacket, and they were no nearer to a solution at Christmas than they were in July, when, one oppressively hot morning, Mabel's place at the breakfast table was vacant, and Deacon Stone learned from a servant, who had been kept awake by a toothache, that his daughter had arisen at four o'clock in the morning and gone out hurriedly into the gray dawn. She had not returned at nightfall, and when it was ascertained that her aunt in New York, whom she frequently visited, was ignorant of her whereabouts, and that her brother, who was trying to build up a medical practice in Boston, had not seen her or heard from her, a dark suspicion arose in Squalacket that she had run away with Philip Mesmer; for Squalacket was a New England town, and every inhabitant in it had grown weary of comparing his or her own goodness with that of the neighbors, and arriving at a comfortable if somewhat monotonous conclusion that the home virtues were a little purer and rather more securely rooted than any others.

If there is such a thing as an excess of righteousness, Squalacket knew what it was, and a ripple of wrong-doing appearing upon the otherwise unruffled surface of its purity was like a little flavor of onion lurking in a bowl of salad. "Half suspected," it animated the whole. So the people of the straitlaced town were perhaps unduly hasty in grasping a forbidden fruit when they declared, with something nearly approaching unanimity, that Philip Mesmer and Mabel Stone had eloped.

To be sure, the circumstantial evidence was strong against the young couple. Philip was only twenty-two, and though all his friends said he had in him the making of a great lawyer, he had not yet been called to the bar. This would not have mattered greatly, because his life lay before him, and his crusty old uncle allowed him enough money to cover his bare expenses, with the provision that it should all be returned, with accrued interest and by increasing instalments, as soon as his profession began to yield him an income. But Philip, though not yet a barrister, was too good a lawyer to be ignorant of the dangers of delay. He had already, he hoped, carried one suit to a successful issue. It was a suit for Mabel's hand in marriage, and the young lady had rendered judgment in his favor. But Deacon Stone had reviewed this decision, reversed it, and thrown Philip's case, on motion of appeal, out of court. He said his daughter was his heiress, and, as he was a rich man, no penniless young fellow, on the strength of his expectations, should marry her.

Philip, however, was not easily nonsuited. At a last interview with Mabel, before he went back to Philadelphia to digest more law, he offered to release her from her engagement to him; but Mabel was not the sort of girl to take advantage of his generosity, and perhaps he knew that before he exercised it. Love (especially love with a profound knowledge of law behind it) is rarely quite unselfish. She promised to wait for him, if necessary, until time was no longer young, and he assured her that he would return to Squalacket to claim her as soon as he had mastered the contents of his first brief, which he expected with the new year; for he was to be called to the bar about Christmas, and in January the case of Colly *vs.* West would be tried in the Superior Court, and Colly, who was a friend of his dead father, was pledged to retain him as junior counsel to show the jury that West had cut down a tree which stood evenly on the dividing line of the West and Colly properties, and laughed derisively and scurrilously railed at Colly for saying that his half of the trunk should have been respected and left standing.

"And if that isn't a good case and a sure winner, darling," said Philip, enthusiastically, as he folded Mabel in his arms, "I wonder what is. Don't you?" Then he kissed her again, and said he wouldn't weary her with the dry details of the law. It was very encouraging.

And thus hopefully they parted. Philip went back to Philadelphia by a night train, and Mabel returned to her father's house. But the deacon gave her a very bad half-hour after supper. He said Philip was nothing better than a beggar, dependent upon his uncle's bounty; that he was a mean fellow, and too dull to succeed at any bar except a marble-topped one with bottles behind it, and somebody with him before it to pay his reckoning. He said many other things about her lover that Mabel, being a high-spirited girl, could not stand at all. She went to her room when she could restrain her tears no longer, and when she had locked her door, and relieved her heart with such tears as she had not shed since her mother died, twelve years before, she decided that she could never again have a home until Philip made one for her. She had promised her lover that she would never marry any other man; but she had also promised her father that she would not wed without his consent. The situation was rather conflicting, and only one thing was quite clear to her: that was that neither Philip nor the deacon should have an opportunity to urge her to break either pledge. She trusted her lover, and she trusted herself; and, above all, she had a higher trust that her dead mother had taught her. So when she packed up a few articles of clothing in a small hand-bag, counted her savings, which amounted to about seventy-five dollars, and stole away with the dawn, unobserved by any one in the house except the tooth-tortured servant, she felt lonely, and perhaps a little frightened, but not at all the guilty conscience-stricken creature that the deacon and most of the pious people of Squalacket felt assured that she must be as soon as her flight was discovered.

Deacon Stone was not, at any time, a man of many ideas. He had only room for one now, and that was that his wayward and rebellious daughter had gone to Philadelphia to join Philip. He hastened there as fast as steam could carry him, and went at once to the law student's one dingy room in Arch Street. He found its occupant wrestling manfully with the Revised Statutes of Pennsylvania, and the earnestness with which he assured his visitor that he was quite ignorant of Mabel's movements, as well as his own distress as he heard of her flight, would have convinced an unprejudiced person that he spoke the truth. But the deacon was a man of very fixed opinions. He called the objectionable quality that usually won for him his own way "determination." His fellow church members referred to it as "pig-headedness," but that was only when there was no chance of his hearing of the term so applied. He now openly refused to credit Philip's declarations. But the young man listened to his rambling, vehemently told story, and then with the same coolness and deliberation that afterward greatly helped him in the case of Colly *vs.* West, he pretty thoroughly cross-examined him. He learned enough about the scene in the parlor the night preceding Mabel's flight to give him a tolerably clear insight as to the actual state of affairs, and his knowledge of the proud, self-reliant character of the girl assured him that when she returned it would be of her own free-will. Whatever efforts he made to find her must be advanced with the utmost delicacy, for he knew that anything like publicity would deeply offend her. It was with great difficulty that he finally persuaded the deacon to refrain from taking the police into his confidence; and the old man departed, finally, vowing that if his daughter were not back in Squalacket before the end of the week he would obtain a warrant for Philip's arrest, and raise such a hue-and-cry after Mabel as would lead to her discovery if she were still above-ground. Other and more important matters must have claimed his attention, for, so far as Philip could ascertain, he made no further attempt to find the fugitive.

And so the dreary weeks lengthened into months. Mabel's retreat was nearly as much a mystery as ever—not quite as much, for Philip received one short letter from her, which relieved his anxiety. She was in New York, and was safe and well. She refused to tell him her address, but promised to write to him again when events justified such a course—say, when the Philadelphia newspapers announced that Colly had won his suit against West. With this assurance he was obliged to be contented; and in the early days of December Philip was called to the bar.

But while one man may lead a horse to the water, twenty men cannot make him drink; and Philip soon found that it is easier to become a barrister than to find clients. The case of Colly *vs.* West went over until the next term of the court. The parsimonious uncle had stopped supplies, and if the briefless young lawyer had not succeeded in obtaining a little literary work as book-reviewer for a newspaper, the room in Arch Street might have wanted a fire.

It was warm and comfortable enough, however, when he hurried into it out of the biting air of Christmas eve; and lighting the lamp, he saw that two sealed envelopes lay upon the table. The one he opened first contained a circular from a New York land syndicate, setting forth the great opportunities offered to obtain prairie homes where the wilderness would soon be made to blossom like a rose. The address on the second envelope was in writing that was strange to him. It enclosed a letter from a lawyer, announcing the sudden death of his uncle, and his accession to a reasonably large fortune.

And now where was Mabel? She would not communicate with him, he knew, until good news reached her. She might learn of a successful issue to the suit of Colly *vs.* West, but how was she to hear of this windfall unless he told her of it? He was a comparatively rich man now, but he cared nothing for his wealth if Mabel could not share it with him, and, with a great longing in his heart, he took her last short brave letter from his desk and laid it on the table, while he drew the lamp toward him. It was beside the other two envelopes, but he knew her writing well, and looked fondly at the address as he picked up one that bore it. Then he open it, and drew out the despised land circular. How did that wretched advertisement get there? Suddenly the blood rushed to his forehead as he saw that the addresses on both envelopes were precisely similar. Not for a moment did Philip doubt that they had both been written by Mabel. But how could such a thing have happened?

The young man had not wasted his time as a law student. He knew how to weigh evidence, and in half an hour he was on his way to New York. He hastened to the office of the land syndicate, which, having a pressure of business on hand, was still open, showing people how to acquire homes on the prairie. He had little trouble in ascertaining that a Miss Mabel Stone was one of its army of workers who addressed envelopes, and a young woman who was in the office gave her address to him.

He found her with a long list of names before her, and a box containing a thousand envelopes on the table. She was about to address the first when he entered, and said, quietly, "Let us do it together, Mabel."

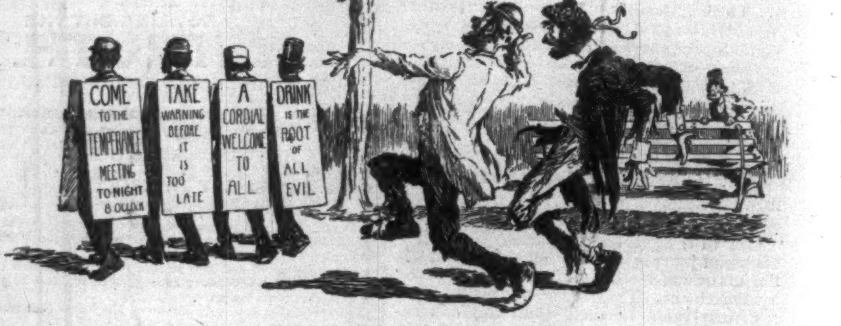
In her amazement she nearly upset the ink; but when he had told his story she was satisfied, and allowed him to help her. Splendidly they did it. Before ten o'clock they had addressed a thousand envelopes, and earned seventy-five cents between them. Then he left her, but on Christmas day they journeyed to Squalacket together, and Deacon Stone, though at first inclined to turn them both out of the house, was mollified as soon as he heard of the altered aspect of affairs, and was easily induced to consent to their marriage. A lawyer was a useful person to have in a family, anyhow, he said, and as he was thinking of suing the church trustees for applying five dollars of the funds subscribed for a new pulpit to the relief of a widow whose husband had been killed on the railroad track, it was well to be prepared for emergencies.

Philip and Mabel were married when the case of Colly *vs.* West was tried in the Superior Court. Colly's senior counsel was unable to attend, and the brunt of the battle fell upon Philip. He won it triumphantly. The jury gave Colly six cents damages, but that carried the costs.

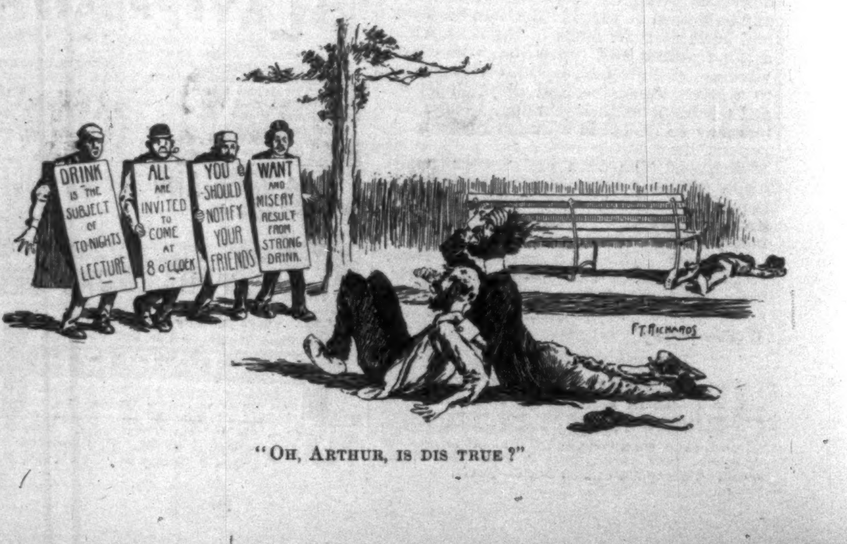
THE NEW KANSAS SENATOR.

THE appointment of Bishop W. Perkins, by Governor Humphrey, of Kansas, to succeed the late United States Senator Plumb was a surprise to the public, and a disappointment to many ambitious aspirants. His capacity for the office seems to be undisputed among those who know him best, but there were many others who apparently had a lead in the race. Republicans, however, express contentment on the whole with the selection of a man who has sufficiently demonstrated his ability, and who, without being a political fanatic, is in sympathy with the more aggressive features of the party policy. It remains to be seen whether Senator-elect Perkins, who announces his desire to follow in the lines of his predecessor, will show the same manly self-assertion and independence of party pressure which characterized Mr. Plumb at important crises. Governor Humphrey devoted a week to the careful study of the claims of the rival candidates, who were quite a "baker's dozen," before he reached his decision. The charges of lobbyism and chicanery preferred against Mr. Perkins were summarily dismissed as false.

The new Kansas Senator was born at Rochester, Ohio, in 1842, and received a public-school education, which was supplemented by a course at Knox College, Galesburg, Illinois. After graduation he went to Colorado for a while, but in July, 1862, he returned and enlisted in the Eighty-third Illinois Volunteers on Mr. Lincoln's call for 300,000 men. He speedily rose to be a sergeant, and after the battle of Stone River was made a commissioned officer. He was detailed as Adjutant of the regiment, and afterwards was promoted to a Captaincy. He served gallantly throughout the war, and distinguished himself for courage and efficient conduct in many hard-fought battles. Captain Perkins was mustered out in 1876 at Nashville, Tennessee, and returned to Illinois, where he studied law in the office of O. C. Gray at Ottawa. After admission to the bar, the young lawyer proceeded to Indiana to practise, but did not remain long, ambitious to take the larger chances of a more newly settled region. He located himself at Oswego, Kansas, in 1869, and was made shortly afterward County Attorney. He preferred the Probate Judgeship to a renomination, and two years later was appointed District Judge. In this position he remained for ten years, discharging his duties with marked ability. His popularity was signalized in 1882, when he was one of four party candidates in the State Convention of that year, which was the scene of an acerbated and hotly contested struggle. Judge Perkins secured the prize, and was elected. The hold he had on his district was further emphasized by re-election in 1884, '86, '88, which gave him eight consecutive years of legislative training in the lower House of Congress. He was defeated for re-election in 1890 by the combination of the Democrats and the Farmers' Alliance. During his Congressional work Judge Perkins secured recognition as an able and faithful member of the House, and was looked on as one of the most promising public men of his State. He put himself on record on many of the important questions of the time. In 1889 he made a forcible speech in advocacy of free coinage, and has always been a strong "silver" advocate, a policy in accordance with the preferences of his party in Kansas. He has also taken a constant interest in all matters affecting the benefit of the veteran soldiers of the war, and has strongly advocated the various pension bills. His majorities are said to have been larger than those of any other man who ever ran in his district.


COME TO THE TEMPERANCE MEETING TO NIGHT 8 O'CLOCK
TAKE WARNING BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE
A CORDIAL WELCOME TO ALL
DRINK IS THE ROOT OF ALL EVIL

"HELP! HELP! MORTIMER. HELP!"
"W'AT'S DE MATTER?"
"OH, READ ACROSS DAT TOP LINE!"


DRINK IS THE SUBJECT OF TO NIGHTS LECTURE
ALL ARE INVITED TO COME AT 8 O'CLOCK
YOU SHOULD NOTIFY YOUR FRIENDS
WANT AND MISERY RESULT FROM STRONG DRINK
F.T. RICHARDS

"OH, ARTHUR, IS DIS TRUE?"

KIRK'S SHANDON BELLS TOILET SOAP

NO OTHER
LEAVES A DELICATE AND LASTING ODOR.

For sale by all Drug and Fancy Goods Dealers or if unable to procure this **wonderful soap** send **25c** in stamps and receive a cake by return mail.

JAS. S. KIRK & CO., Chicago.

SPECIAL—Shandon Bells Waltz (the popular Society Waltz) sent **FREE** to anyone sending us three wrappers of Shandon Bells Soap.

BELL CAP-SIC

Send for Book, free.

Don't Dose

Yourself with patent medicines, and spoil your stomach, because you have an

Aching Back

Or kidney pains.
But use Dr. Grosvenor's

Bell-Cap-Sic

Plasters for speedy and lasting relief. Physicians prescribe them.

25 cents. All druggists, or
J. M. GROSVENOR & CO.,
Boston.

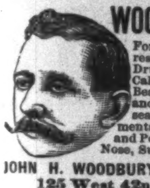
1892
MUNICH
BAVARIA
R. CRYSTAL PALACE.

Under the protectorate of his Royal Highness the Prince Regent and the honorary presidency of His Royal Highness Prince Ludwig of Bavaria.

VIth GRAND
INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION
OF FINE ARTS.

From June 1st until the end of October.
Term for delivery of works in Munich from April 1st to 15th.

THE CENTRAL COMMITTEE.



WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

For the Skin, Scalp and Complexion. The result of 20 years' experience. For sale at Druggists or sent by mail, 50c. A Sample Cake and 128 page Book on Dermatology and Beauty, Illustrated; on Skin, Scalp, Nervous and Blood Diseases and their treatment, sent sealed on receipt of **10c.**; also Disfigurements like Birth Marks, Moles, Warts, India Ink and Powder Marks, Scars, Pittings, Redness of Nose, Superfluous Hair, Pimples, &c., removed.

JOHN H. WOODBURY, DERMATOLOGICAL INSTITUTE, 125 West 42nd Street, New York City.

Consultation free, at office or by letter. Open 8 a.m. to 8 p.m.

ASTHMA

WORST CASES CURED TO STAY CURED IF UNCOMPLICATED BY ORGANIC DISEASE. *Incurable cases declined.*

WE WANT NAME OF EVERY ASTHMATIC. *Examination free by mail.*

P. HAROLD HAYES M.D.
BOX 431, BUFFALO, N.Y.

MAGIC LANTERNS AND VIEWS

for Home or Public Use. The **BEST** in the world. Send for Catalogue. **MARCY SCIOPTICON CO., 1008 Walnut St., Phila., Pa.**

BICYCLES GIVEN AWAY

FREE TO BOYS & GIRLS UNDER 18. If any Boy or Girl wants an elegant High Grade Safety Bicycle (26 inch wheels) free on easy conditions, write at once to **WESTERN PEARL CO., Chicago, Ill.**

SALESMEN WANTED to sell our goods by sample to the wholesale and retail trade. Liberal salary and expenses paid. Permanent position. Money advanced for wages, advertising, etc. For full particulars and reference address CENTENNIAL MFG. CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

YOUR NAME on 50 Silk Fringe, Envelope, Gold Bevel, Fancy Shape and Acquaintance Cards (all new), 1 Album, [illegible] samples of new cards, Games, Tricks, &c., all for only 10 cents, CROWN CARD CO. CADIZ, OHIO.

ITCHING SKIN HUMORS

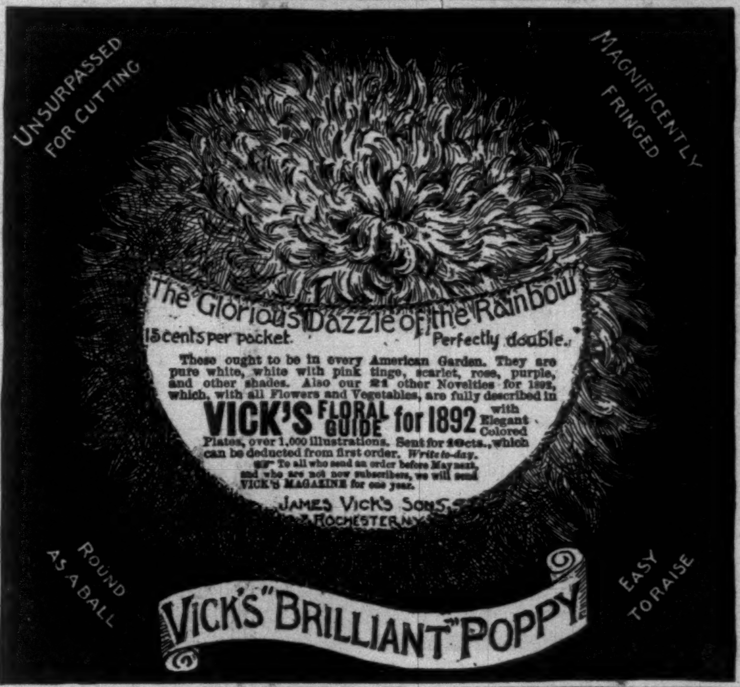
Torturing, Disfiguring Eczemas and every species of Itching, Burning, Scaly, Crusted, and Blotchy Skin and Scalp Diseases are relieved, in the majority of cases, by a single application, and speedily and economically cured by the CUTICURA REMEDIES, when the best physicians fail.

CUTICURA, The Great Skin Cure,

Instantly allays the most intense itching, burning, and inflammation, permits rest and sleep, heals raw and irritated surfaces, cleanses the scalp of crusts and scales, and restores the hair. CUTICURA SOAP, the only medicated toilet soap, is indispensable in cleansing diseased surfaces. CUTICURA RESOLVENT, the new blood and skin purifier and greatest of humor remedies, cleanses the blood of all impurities, and thus removes the cause. Hence, the CUTICURA REMEDIES cure every humor of the skin, scalp, and blood, with loss of hair, from a simple baby blemish to scrofula.

CUTICURA REMEDIES are sold throughout the world. Price, CUTICURA, 50c.; CUTICURA SOAP, 25c.; CUTICURA RESOLVENT, $1. Prepared by POTTER DRUG AND CHEMICAL CORPORATION, Boston. "How to Cure Skin, Scalp, and Blood Humors" mailed free. A book of priceless value.

Pimply Skin, Red, rough hands, painful finger ends, shapeless nails, dry, thin, and falling hair, and baby blemishes prevented and cured by CUTICURA SOAP, greatest of skin purifiers and beautifiers, as well as purest and sweetest of toilet and nursery soaps.



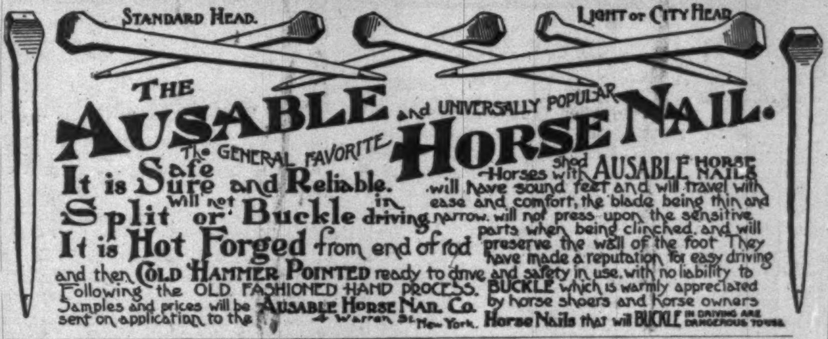
"The Glorious Dazzle of the Rainbow"
15 cents per packet. Perfectly double.

These ought to be in every American Garden. They are pure white, white with pink tinge, scarlet, rose, purple, and other shades. Also our 21 other Novelties for 1892, which, with all Flowers and Vegetables, are fully described in **VICK'S FLORAL GUIDE for 1892** with Elegant Colored Plates, over 1,000 illustrations. Sent for 10cts., which can be deducted from first order. *Write to-day.*

☞ To all who send an order before May next, and who are not now subscribers, we will send VICK'S MAGAZINE for one year.

JAMES VICK'S SONS,
ROCHESTER, N.Y.

VICK'S "BRILLIANT" POPPY



THE AUSABLE and UNIVERSALLY POPULAR HORSE NAIL. The GENERAL FAVORITE

It is Safe Sure and Reliable.
will not Split or Buckle in driving.
It is Hot Forged from end of rod and then COLD HAMMER POINTED ready to drive Following the OLD FASHIONED HAND PROCESS.
Samples and prices will be sent on application to the AUSABLE HORSE NAIL CO. 4 Warren St. New-York.

Horses shod with AUSABLE HORSE NAILS will have sound feet and will travel with ease and comfort, the blade being thin and narrow, will not press upon the sensitive parts when being clinched, and will preserve the wall of the foot. They have made a reputation for easy driving and safety in use, with no liability to BUCKLE which is warmly appreciated by horse shoers and horse owners. Horse Nails that will BUCKLE IN DRIVING ARE DANGEROUS TO USE.

"THE PERFECTION OF OLIVE OIL."

RAE'S FINEST SUBLIME LUCCA OIL

The very best quality, of uniform standard excellence and absolutely Pure Olive Oil.

ESTABLISHED 1836.

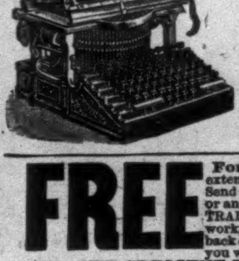
S. Rae & C°

LEGHORN, TUSCANY, ITALY.

Importers and Agents: FRANCIS H. LEGGETT & CO., New York; JAMES A. HAYES & CO., Boston; SPRAGUE WARNER & CO., Chicago.

"Improvement the Order of the Age."

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER.



THE LATEST AND BEST.
All the essential features greatly perfected.
IMPORTANT IMPROVEMENTS.

The best inventive talent and mechanical skill have been employed to produce a machine of **INCREASED DURABILITY, EXCELLENCE OF DESIGN, AND SPECIAL FEATURES.**

We claim an inspection and trial will prove it **THE MOST DURABLE IN ALIGNMENT AND EASIEST RUNNING. ALL TYPE CLEANED IN TEN SECONDS WITHOUT SOILING THE HANDS.** *Send for Illustrated Catalogue before purchasing.*

THE SMITH PREMIER TYPEWRITER CO., Syracuse, New York, U. S. A.
Branch offices in all principal cities.

FREE For 30 Days. Wishing to introduce our **CRAYON PORTRAITS** and at the same time extend our business and make new customers, we have decided to make this Special Offer: Send us a Cabinet Picture, Photograph, Tintype, Ambrotype or Daguerotype of yourself or any member of your family, living or dead and we will make you a CRAYON PORTRAIT FREE OF CHARGE, provided you exhibit it to your friends as a sample of our work, and use your influence in securing us future orders. Place name and address on back of picture and it will be returned in perfect order. We make any change in picture you wish, not interfering with the likeness. Refer to any bank in Chicago. Address all mail to **THE CRESCENT CRAYON CO.** Opposite New German Theatre, CHICAGO, ILL. P. S.—We will forfeit $100 to anyone sending us photo and not receiving crayon picture **FREE** as per this offer. This offer is bonafide.

18th Edition, postpaid for 25c. (or stamps).

THE HUMAN HAIR,

Why it Falls Off, Turns Grey, and the Remedy.
By Prof. HARLEY PARKER, F. R. A. S.
A. N. LONG & Co., 1013 Arch St., Philada., Pa.
"Every one should read this little book."—*Athenæum.*

Economize Space! Save Money!

You can have a bed in any room or office and no one know it. THE GUNN FOLDING BED CO., Grand Rapids, Mich. 13 styles combining every class of furniture. Catalogue free. A Revolution in Furniture.

Financial.

GUARANTEED!

FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS Bearing Liberal Interest.

We guarantee both principal and interest. Loans made on productive real estate yearly increasing in value on a conservative basis, and only after personal examination by us. Interest payable in New York Exchange. We invite correspondence. Very highest references.

PUGET SOUND LOAN, TRUST, and BANKING COMPANY. (Paid-up Capital, $125,000.)
New Whatcom, Washington.

INVESTORS

We have an investment that pays a good dividend and at the same time increases in value. Write for prospectus, references and full particulars. Address **Florida Pineapple Co., Dayton, O.**

$3.00 FOR EVERY $1.00 Besides Dividends.

BIG PROFIT is made in **Mining** by buying as near the bottom as possible, consistently with safety, thus securing the benefit of the **ADVANCE** besides a handsome interest on your money in the shape of **DIVIDENDS.** Write me, and I will put you in the way to make **$3.00 for every $1.00** invested. Best bank references.

R. H. BUCK, 17 Tabor Block, Denver, Col.

TACOMA THE FINANCIAL CENTER OF WASHINGTON.

Money invested in **First Mortgage Loans** and **Real Estate. Satisfaction Guaranteed.** References: Merchants National Bank, Tacoma. **COTTAGE HOME BUILDING CO., Wm. P. Pyfer, Sec'y.**

10% NET FIRST MORTGAGE LOANS Absolutely secure. Interest payable semi-annually by draft on New York. **Personal attention given to all loans. Highest references.** Address **FRANK J. HAMILTON, Fairhaven, Wash.**

8% Net on small investments. Investment Share Certificates sold on instalments. The Prune lands of Oregon are attracting the attention of Fruit raisers all over the United States. CROPS AND BANKS NEVER FAIL IN OREGON. Send for our new Prospectus. THE FARM TRUST & LOAN JOURNAL Co., Portland, Oregon.

8% FIRST GOLD MORTGAGES. Payable in Gold. City and Farm Loans. Perfect security. Highest safe interest. Write TACOMA INVESTMENT CO., Tacoma, Wash.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,
591 BROADWAY, NEW YORK,
Manufacturers and Importers of

PHOTOGRAPHIC APPARATUS,
MATERIALS, CHEMICALS, AND SUPPLIES.

Detective and view Cameras in great variety of styles and prices. Lenses, shutters, dry plates, etc., etc.

THE BEST TEXT-BOOKS ON PHOTOGRAPHY.

Free use of dark room on main floor of our store.

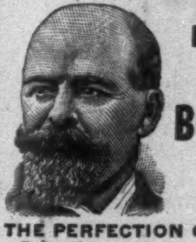
Fifty Years Established. **Send for Catalogue.**

EMERSON 55 000 SOLD

FOR OVER FORTY YEARS have enjoyed a high reputation. Brilliant and musical; tone of rare sympathetic quality; beautiful for vocal accompaniment. Durably constructed of finest material by most skilful workmen. Exceptional in retaining original richness and fulness of tone. Require tuning less often than any other piano. MODERATE PRICES. REASONABLE TERMS.

SEND FOR CATALOGUE.

BOSTON 174 TREMONT ST.
NEW YORK 92 FIFTH AVE.
PIANOS



A DELICIOUS
REMEDY
For all forms of
INDIGESTION.
BEEMAN'S
PEPSIN
GUM.

THE PERFECTION OF CHEWING GUM.

Each tablet contains one grain pure pepsin sufficient to digest 1,000 grains of food. If it cannot be obtained from dealers, send five cents in stamps for sample package, to

BEEMAN CHEMICAL CO.,
Originators and Manufacturers, 19 Lake St., Cleveland, O.

Also Manufacturers of Pure Pepsin. Send for Circular, *"Beware of Imitations."* Mention this paper.

MID CONTINENT MAGAZINE

The Best LITERARY REVIEW published, **Only One Dollar** a year, with membership in Readers Union Library Association, and 300 page Catalogue, saving 30 per cent on all books purchased. Sample copies ten cents. **Readers Union Pub. Co.** LANSING, MICH.

MY WIFE SAYS SHE CANNOT SEE HOW YOU DO IT FOR THE MONEY. **$12** Buys a $65.00 Improved Oxford Singer Sewing Machine; perfect working reliable, finely finished, adapted to light and heavy work, with a complete set of the latest improved attachments free. Each machine guaranteed for 5 years. Buy direct from our factory, and save dealers and agents profit. Send for **FREE CATALOGUE.** OXFORD MFG. COMPANY, DEP'T [illegible] CHICAGO, ILL.

DOUBLE Breech-Loader $7.99. RIFLES $2.00 PISTOLS 75c

GUNS

WATCHES, BICYCLES. All kinds cheaper than elsewhere. Before you buy, send stamp for catalogue to THE POWELL & CLEMENT CO. 166 Main St., Cincinnati, O.

LADY AGENTS. Fortune Sure. New article for ladies. Mrs. N. B. Little, Chicago, Ill.

CARDS LATEST STYLES, Beveled Edge, Silk Fringe, Envelope and Calling Cards. Finest Sample Book ever offered for 2c. stamp. NATIONAL CARD CO., Box [illegible], [illegible], OHIO.